

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## WATERING THE HILLS.

"He watereth the hills from his chambers." — Ps.  
civ. 13.

OH, the rippling and the foaming,  
Failing not from dawn till gloaming,  
Where the rapids are descending, as for ages  
they have done;  
On each downward platform taking  
Just a moment's rest, then breaking  
Into sweet enchanting laughter at the gleeful  
triumph won;  
All the latent echoes waking  
With the fun!

Sweeping from their rocky portal,  
Robed at once in light immortal,  
Bringing infinite revealings from the silences  
profound;  
How the little eddies whiten,  
And the longer reaches brighten,  
As the showers of brilliant dewdrops on their  
silvery slopes rebound;  
Falling into gems that lighten  
All around.

When the sunbeams come unbidden  
To behold the marvel hidden,  
All the waters take them captive, to adorn  
their raiment white;  
But the rainbow tells the wonder,  
Of the radiance lying under,  
And the sun in regal beauty stoops to claim  
his own by right,  
Till the ripples fall asunder —  
Lost in light!

On the brink the mosses glisten,  
And the grasses stoop to listen  
To the never-ending music of the waters flash-  
ing by;  
Overhead the elm-trees stately,  
In their hearts rejoicing greatly  
At the springs of welcome coolness that be-  
neath their strongholds lie,  
Spread their myriad leaves sedately  
To the sky.

When at night the stars assemble,  
In the far blue heavens, and tremble  
At their own reflected splendor, on the torrent  
borne away,  
Then the laughing waves discover  
How the moon — earth's timid lover —  
Watches for the perfect mirror they have  
broken in their play;  
Watches — with the stars above her —  
Till the day.

Through all seasons' varied phases,  
Still the waters speak their praises  
Of the Power that sweeps them onward, in  
their fulness to the deep;  
All their rush and tumult guiding,  
For each drop a path dividing,  
Till in far-off breadths of ocean, each its des-  
tined place shall keep;  
And at last, in calm subsiding,  
Falls asleep.

Sunday Magazine.

MARY ROWLES.

## CRÆSUS.

My small Charlie said to me  
That he had lots of riches.  
"How much, old man?" said I; said he,  
"Two farthings in my breeches,

A silver fourpence in my purse,  
And one French bit of money,"  
Then added (speaking of his nurse),  
"'Twas given me by Nunny,

A lucky sixpence, father, too;"  
He paused, as though to measure  
With those grave eyes what I should do,  
On hearing of such treasure.

With those grave eyes he looked at me,  
Ere he resumed his parley, —  
It was as plain as A, B, C  
(Or plainer, perhaps, to Charlie),

That weighty matters were our cue,  
We meant to sift and try 'em, —  
"And father," Charlie said, "are you  
As rich a man as I am?"

And I replied — the while I drew  
My arm around his shoulder —  
"Charlie, I'm not so rich as you,  
Because I'm ages older."

Spectator.

M.

## A YOUNG POET.

BY ETHEL TANE.

I SAW the poets in a mighty hall,  
Each singing out of his o'erflowing heart:  
One sang to rich and poor, to great and small;  
One to a group that stood with him apart;  
One warbled lays to move a maiden's soul,  
Of truth, and trust, and love that will not  
fail;  
While other bards sang of the cannon's roll,  
In tones that made their gentle listeners  
quail.

But one there was — a youthful singer he —  
Who only gave sweet echoes of the rest,  
Who only reproduced the melody  
That had its birthplace in some older breast.  
And many scoffed and called him "mocking-  
bird."

While others harmed him more with lavish  
praise:  
But when that voice of passion I had heard,  
And gazed my fill upon the glowing face,  
I paused in doubt and hope — for surely he,  
With ears so true for every singer's tone,  
Shall one day wake to nature's harmony,  
And make her thrilling language all his own:  
Rise in the ether on his own strong wings,  
Sing the star's music — not man's renderings.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE EVANGELICAL MOVEMENT; ITS  
PARENTAGE, PROGRESS, AND ISSUE.

BY W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE nineteenth century, I believe, was already growing old before any attempt was made to write the history of English religion, or of the Church of England, such as they had been during the eighteenth. It was even a common practice to break off all narration upon these great subjects on reaching the Revolution of 1688, as if they had then attained *nirvana*, lost their individuality, and been absorbed in the unfathomable tranquillity of universal nature. In truth, however, so far as the Reformed Church of England was concerned, its history was at this time not ending but rather beginning. The great crisis of the Reformation, which in Scotland lasted from 1560 to 1689 (if not even to 1712), covered about the same number of years in England, where it both opened and closed about one generation sooner. It began under Henry VIII., in the year 1532, under Archbishop Warham, with the acts relating to bulls and to first-fruits, and it closed in 1662, upon the ejection of the two thousand ministers who were unable to comply with the Act of Uniformity. Between these two dates, and particularly from the accession of Elizabeth onwards, the different forces, which had combined to produce the great movement of the sixteenth century, were engaged in mutual conflict, and the point at issue was, whether the friends or the opponents of further steps in the direction of the Reformation should prevail.

The history of the Reformed Church of England, such as it is represented by the Book of Common Prayer, and by its documents and laws in general, passed through its first stage between the Restoration and the Revolution of 1688. The second stage may be said to have lasted from the Revolution to the accession of the House of Hanover. This stage was one of fluctuation and transition; not, however, as to the law and doctrine of the Church, but as to its relations with the ruling powers. The great issue then depending was, whether its position, rendered equivocal in 1689 by

the doctrines of non-resistance and of a divine right in the heir of the Stuarts, was to be exchanged on the death of Anne for one of undivided allegiance, and of identification in spirit, as well as in form, with the ruling power.

This question was conclusively decided on, and by, the accession of George I. The clergy of the Anglican Church, from the date of St. Bartholomew's Day in 1662, had been a clergy very nearly homogeneous. A few individuals, such as Bishop Reynolds of Norwich, continued to represent within its borders the general shade of doctrine belonging to Puritanism, but the door was barred against intrants, and there was consequently no succession to maintain the school. Anglicanism was in possession, with a strong and nearly universal hold. Parallel and coextensive with this theology, and indeed firmly morticed into it, lay the purely political opinions, which the circumstances of the Anglican Reformation had unhappily exalted, for practical purposes, into articles of religion; articles which, in the minds of the clergy generally, and of a very large part of the laity, held a rank higher perhaps than some among the Thirty-nine. Just as it was not Episcopacy but Jacobitism which was the immediate cause of the resolution of William III. to embrace the Presbyterian cause in Scotland, so it was not Anglicanism, but it was Jacobitism, which placed the body of the English clergy, and their large lay following, in a position of permanent estrangement from the sovereigns of the house of Brunswick, and from the entire but powerful influences which, through the medium of episcopal and other patronage, they, through their ministers, could and did bring to bear upon the Church. The standing discord thus established produced the most noteworthy, though hitherto but little noted, consequences. The two great powers of the clerical body, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian, were thrown wholly out of sympathy with one another. Except that both were tolerably well agreed on the retention of privilege, and even on resistance to Nonconformity, they came to be powers not sustaining but neutralizing one another. The aggregate influence of the

Church upon society, which Mr. Lecky\* has described as having been, at the close of the seventeenth century, enormous, progressively declined. Sceptical and subversive opinions in religion spread with rapidity to such a point as to draw from a mind so little exaggerative as that of Bishop Butler, the well-known description embodied in the advertisement to his "Analogy." These evils, great as they were in themselves, were indicative of a yet deeper taint within. Lord Stanhope long ago pointed out, with much sagacity,† that, when harmony between the bishops and their clergy had thus been destroyed, it was impossible to supply its place, and to restore a real unity by coercion. More especially was this the case because, while the higher places in the Church were continually replenished with Hanoverian prelates, the Jacobitism of the parochial clergy was also continually fed by Jacobite appointments to the benefices. For these proceeded from a body of lay patrons, consisting of the territorial gentry, who were Jacobites themselves. Harmony being gone, and coercion impossible, no alternative remained for the governing power but neutrality, inaction, and religious inefficiency. The relation of the bishop to his clergy became gradually a negative relation. Not only did the old abuses of plurality and non-residence, always parasitical to the Church of England, thrive and fatten in the stagnant atmosphere, but there was a gradual decline of the religious life, until it passed almost into general paralysis. The deleterious influences, which pervaded generally the regions of the air, appear to have affected the Nonconforming sections of the community to a certain extent. We are too apt to assume that the relations of the Church and of Nonconformity are those only of rivalry, and that what the one gains the other loses. It is more probable, and the thought is surely one more congenial, that the spiritual pulse rises and falls, in the two, mainly with a common action. But the mischiefs, at which I now very slightly glance, were, if not confined to the Church,

much more general, intense, and scandalous, within its borders than beyond them. It was well, therefore, that from within the precinct, where the darkness lay the thickest, the light should first and most brilliantly arise.

These last words, it need hardly be said, refer principally, though not entirely, to John Wesley. I make no attempt in this paper to follow the career of that extraordinary man, whose life and acts have taken their place in the religious history, not only of England, but of Christendom. I only observe, first, that the course of Wesley takes its origin from the bosom of devout but high Anglicanism,\* in which, as a youth, he was bred, and which long and rather obstinately, though varyingly, held its ground within his interior mind, in despite of circumstances the most adverse. Secondly, that with this origin it should still, perhaps, be regarded as having given the main impulse, out of which sprang the Evangelical movement. Thirdly, that while it imparted the main impulse, it did not stamp upon that movement its specific character. The principal share of the parentage was not represented in the particular contour of the features. Probably that, which Wesley did not supply to it, is to be traced in a great degree, yet by an indirect line, to Whitefield. It would seem rather as if the Evangelical succession, as Sir J. Stephen has called it in his essays, may more directly have had its fountain-head in another quarter. Some rivers spring from only a group of pools; and there were a small number of clergymen, sporadically and very thinly distributed over the broad surface of the Church of England, whose names have been handed down to us in conjunction with the rare phenomenon of the profession of high Calvinism, or of a leaning more or less pronounced towards it. Of these the best-known are Hervey, Berridge, Romaine, and Toplady. Perhaps they are to be regarded as, along with Whitefield, the fathers of the Evangelical school. But let it not be supposed that these zealous and fervent men had a monopoly, even amidst the

\* Lecky, *History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i., p. 39.

† *History of England*, vol. ii., pp. 369-72.

\* See among others the latest work on the subject, Dr. Rigg's "Churchmanship of John Wesley." 1878.



prevailing torpor and abounding scandals that marked the time, of fervor and of zeal. Some portion of the awakened spirit of the period went off, with Mr. Lindsey, into Unitarianism. A larger share of genuine warmth, in such forms as the Anglican Church deems especially her own, is represented in the works, as of Bishop Wilson, so of Bishop Horne and of Jones of Nayland. But these men, and all that was in harmony with them, had no connection with sect or movement of any kind, except with the standing warfare of the Spirit of God, and of all his instruments, against the world, the flesh, and the devil.

It ought perhaps to be remarked that, in an interesting historic sketch, the Rev. Canon Garbett has traced the origin of the Evangelical movement, and assigns it to Mr. Law and his "Serious Call to a Holy Life." But such an ascription seems to me incorrect. There are no distinctive relations that I can find between this movement and the Nonjuring party to which Law belonged; and the large and prominent development of the doctrinal element in the Evangelical writings is out of all proportion to its retired position in the works, so far as I know them, of Law. His succession is rather to be found in Bishop Wilson, in Jones of Nayland, and in Hook or Keble of our own time.

It may not be unreasonable, then, to regard the group of clergymen whom I have named as the spiritual fathers of the Evangelical school. The deep and sharp lines of their ultra-Calvinism, however, were softened in their successors, as, for example, in Thomas Scott, and gradually disappeared. That scheme of doctrine has more than once made its appearance in the Church of England, as, for example, in the notorious Lambeth Articles, but always with the note of sterility, the mark of the hybrid upon it. Elsewhere it has found more congenial soils and has been associated with great results; but within the Anglican precinct it has always been a transient phenomenon. The points, in which the Evangelical school permanently differed from the older and traditional Anglicanism, were those of the Church, the sacraments, and the forensic idea of justification. They are not, in my view, its

strong points, and I do not mean to dwell upon them. Its main characteristic was of a higher order. It was a strong, systematic, outspoken, and determined reaction against the prevailing standards both of life and preaching. It aimed at bringing back, on a large scale, and by an aggressive movement, the cross, and all that the cross essentially implies, both into the teaching of the clergy, and into the lives as well of the clergy as of the laity. The preaching of the gospel became afterwards a cant phrase: but that the preaching of the gospel a hundred years ago had disappeared, not by denial, but by lapse, from the majority of Anglican pulpits, is, I fear, in large measure, an historic truth. To bring it back again was the aim and work of the Evangelical reformers in the sphere of the teaching function. Whether they preached Christ in the best manner may be another question; but of this there is now, and can be, little question that they preached Christ; they preached Christ largely and fervently where, as a rule, he was but little and but coldly preached before. And who is there that will not say from his heart, "I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

Thus far on the parentage, and what may be called the baptismal name, of the Evangelical movement. I now pass to its progress. The first suggestion of this paper was awakened by a passage in Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," which I wish to controvert. But before controverting a particular statement, I allow myself the pleasure of rendering the tribute which justice demands to that valuable work. It may perhaps be considered a series of pictures rather than a history strictly so called; but if the thread is not one of perfect continuity, yet his presentation of scenes and characters is worthy, in more respects than one, of grateful acknowledgment. Conscientious labor, profuse information, judicious selection, happy arrangement of detail, are crowned by the paramount and rare merit of a dispassionate love of truth, and a constant effort to be faithful to that love, which have seldom been surpassed. Possessed of these solid titles to our respect, Mr. Lecky, at p. 627 of his second volume, sums up as

follows the operation performed by the Evangelical clergy:—

They infused into it (the English Church) a new fire and passion of devotion, kindled a spirit of fervent philanthropy, raised the standard of clerical duty, and completely altered the whole tone and tendency of the preaching of its ministers. Before the close of the century, the Evangelical movement had become dominant in England, and it continued the almost undisputed centre of religious life till the rise of the Tractarian movement of 1830. (1833?)

The quality of the praise here given as to devotion, preaching, and clerical duty is not too high for the school of Newton, Cecil, Venn, Scott, and Simeon, with others, who formed the first generation of "Evangelicals" proper, or for their successors. But is Mr. Lecky equally correct upon his statement as to the two matters of fact?—

1. That, before the close of the century, the movement was "dominant" in England.

2. That at, or somewhere near, that period "it completely altered the whole tone and tendency of the preaching" of the clergy.

Against these two propositions, I advance with some confidence the following counter-statements:—

1. That the Evangelical movement never became, properly speaking, dominant in England; never held anything like the position, which the corresponding party held in the Established Church of Scotland at the time when the great controversy of patronage and the Veto Act began.

2. That, without becoming dominant in this sense, it did by infusion profoundly alter the general tone and tendency of the preaching of the clergy; not, however, at the close of the last or the beginning of the present century, but after the Tractarian movement had begun, and, indeed, mainly when it had reached that forward stage at which it came rather to be known, in a loose and general way, by the name of Ritualism.

These are questions of great interest, pertaining to the history of religious thought and action in our country. They also present the advantage that they make no appeal (so far as I see) to prejudice or passion, and are therefore open to an unbiassed discussion. Accordingly, I make no apology for an effort to present what I take to be a tolerably just outline of the facts; the more so as my own recollections reach back with considerable freshness to all but the first twenty years of the century,

and, indeed, embrace in some degree a few of the later among those twenty years.

I apprehend, then, that until the close of the reign of George III. the Evangelical clergy were a small and, it might even be said, a numerically inconsiderable minority of the whole clerical body. In an attempt to estimate their strength, precision is not attainable; but I believe it would be within the mark to say they did not exceed one in twenty, if they touched that proportion. In activity and moral influence, they counted for a good deal more. The vessels of zeal and fervor, taken man for man, far outweighed the heroes of the ball-room and the hunting-field, or the inert, half-activated minds, and perfunctory performers of a minimum of stipulated duty, who supplied so considerable a number of the clerical host. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the massive learning, which never wholly deserted the Church, and the preponderating share of purely intellectual force, were never theirs, and perhaps were not in all cases adequately valued among them. Nor did they possess the important element of high clerical station; for, in the distribution of the greater preferments, they not only had less than their proportion, but might even be said to be unjustly proscribed. The first and, until the days of the Sumners, the only bishop who was reckoned with the party was Dr. Ryder, of Lichfield. His piety, dignity, kindness, and moderation of mind rendered him well worthy of the honors of the prelacy; but possibly these did not contribute more to lift him over the bar than his noble birth, and his being the brother of a Cabinet minister. Any deans, canons, or heads of houses of that epoch, who were held to wear the same colors, might readily be counted on the fingers.

Among the beneficed clergy, whether of town or country, the Evangelical teachers were thinly scattered. They increased, however, pretty rapidly in numbers; and I think the entire body was roughly estimated, before the close of the reign of George IV., at fifteen hundred, or about one-eighth of the whole clergy. The foundation of their religious societies had greatly contributed to give them the organization of a party. Their union was doubtless consolidated by the prejudice under which they lay with the bulk both of the clergy, and of those who termed themselves the laity; as also by the vehement and absurd modes, in which this prejudice occasionally found vent. They had in their congregations a zealous, liberal, and efficient following; but these congregations

constituted a kind of sect within the Church of England: they were the *devots*, the *bacchettons*, the "saints," of the land.

Let me now endeavor to sustain, as far as the nature of the case allows, the first counter-proposition I have laid down, by reference to the degree of their extension at various local centres during the reign of George IV. In the University of Oxford, about 1830, they could hardly be said to subsist, except in the persons of some four or five scattered individuals of the teaching or officiating body. There was, indeed, an ecclesiastical centre in the parish of St. Ebb's, under the Rev. Mr. Bulteel (a man of some note in his day), where the flame was at white heat; and a score or two of young men, who felt its attraction, nestled together in the small establishment of St. Edmund Hall—known during the last century as the home of the six students so harshly and discredibly expelled. But these youths belonged to a school of ultra-Calvinism, which lay far in advance of the ordinary Evangelical tenets. Of those tenets there was in 1830 an admirable representative in the person of Mr. Waldo Sibthorp, fellow of Magdalen, lately deceased. This excellent preacher and devout, refined, and attractive man was destined in his own person to feel the conflict of the tidal currents and to exemplify the religious vicissitudes of the age. Thrice he cleared the chasm which lies between the Anglican and Roman Churches, but never, I believe, was visited with an uncharitable word, or raised any other emotion, in persons who observed or knew him, than those of affection and respect. But his representation of the Evangelical party in Oxford was a purely personal representation. In Cambridge, led by Mr. Simeon, it had something more. The vein, though a rather narrow vein, ran through the academic body; whereas in nearly every college of Oxford it was a thing unknown, except by hearsay. Mr. Simeon resembled Mr. Sibthorp, who was greatly his junior, in his pure and venerable character. He was, however, endowed with a greater energy, and a strong organizing faculty; and he used his liberal fortune with abundant sagacity, and extraordinary effect, in opening the way for his followers, through the purchase of advowsons, to benefices in the large towns. The possession of these seats of power immensely extended their parochial influence, and the number of his academic partisans was considerable among the young. They passed, however, by the

name of Simeonites, and formed but a fraction of the mass.

Even this slight outline of the case, as it concerns the two universities, may suffice to show that in point of numbers, or material extension, the Evangelical movement was as far as possible from being dominant, not only at the close of the last century, but after a further and very important growth through thirty years after its expiration, and down to the very eve of the time when there arose in the Tractarian movement what proved to be both, as some might say, its most formidable adversary, and some, its unnatural and matricidal child. For Oxford and Cambridge, taken together, still tell in a paramount manner, and half a century ago told almost conclusively, the tale of the whole country, so far as the color and character of its clergy were concerned.

But I will turn to some other quarters; and first to the metropolis. It may, I think, be stated, without fear of contradiction, that during the first third-part of this century not a single London parish, west of Temple Bar, was in the hands of the Evangelical party. Islington in the north had Mr. Daniel Wilson for its vicar; but it appears that he came to it as it were accidentally, through the private exercise of the right of patronage in his family. St. John's Chapel in Bedford Row, Percy Chapel, Margaret Chapel, Long Acre Chapel, and the chapel of the Lock Hospital in Grosvenor Place, were the centres of this religious influence which I best recollect, and doubtless there were a few others; but these were all proprietary chapels, and those who attended them were more or less marked men. Passing from the metropolis to the provinces, I take the case of Liverpool, with which I am best acquainted. Only in one single church, I think, of that town and neighborhood, namely, at Everton, a north-eastern suburb, was an Evangelical minister (the Rev. Mr. Buddicom) installed, until my own father introduced two more—one at St. Andrew's, Renshaw Street, about 1816, and one at Seaforth, five miles to the northward, about a couple of years earlier. The case of the towns generally was not, I believe, widely different, though in some of them, such as Carlisle, Hull, Huddersfield, Leicester, and perhaps most of all, Cheltenham, the movement had a wider and deeper basis. Liverpool itself subsequently underwent a great change, mainly through the influence of the late Dr. Macneile, an eloquent and most finished preacher, and an able, resolute, and up-

right man. I will not now refer to minor centres, such as Eton and Windsor, or Gloucester, or Wilmslow in Cheshire, and the respective neighborhoods, with which circumstances gave me an acquaintance. But I may mention that in the reign of George IV. there was not, within the precinct of the great school of Eton, or, I believe, of any other of the principal public schools, any trace of the religious influence of the Evangelical party. What has now been said is, I believe, enough to show the true position of the Evangelical movement in the country at large. I have not mentioned Wales. Its case was different, and was mainly governed, at the time I speak of, by Nonconforming influences. But I apprehend it would rather strengthen my position. Neither have I referred to the Established Church of Ireland. Within that body the movement made, if not an earlier, a greater progress than in England, and was stimulated by the highly polemical, as well as political, nature of the attitude unhappily forced upon it. But its aggregate influence upon the larger, and more eminent and learned, Church was then so small, as to be scarcely appreciable.

Of course I do not mean that all which was not under the Evangelical *mot d'ordre* was in sharp antagonism with it. For example, Bishops Barrington of Durham, Porteus of London, and Burgess of Salisbury, were, like Bishop Horne and Jones of Nayland at an earlier date, men who had in them many elements kindred with it. But the party, as a party, whatever else it may have been, was the very reverse of dominant. It was active, useful, respected, healthy, and thriving; but it was also repressed and struggling, and in some sense rebellious. There was, with all its real and beneficial excellences, a latent antagonism in its scheme to express and important portions of the authoritative documents of the Church of England. Over and above any positive contrarieties of this kind, there was impressed upon it, probably of necessity from the circumstances of its origin, a peculiar bias towards what may be called individualism in religion, which has tempted some to say, as the result of their experience, that they found more Churchmanship, more sense of the personal obligations entailed by belonging to a given religious society, among Nonconformists, or among the Presbyterians of Scotland, than in the average members of the Evangelical body, to which, nevertheless, the Church of England at large is so profoundly and vitally indebted

for having roused her from her slumbers, and set her vigorously about her work.

There is yet one other test, however, which I will employ for showing the position of this section of the Church. It is the test furnished by relation to the comparatively ancient Church societies, which have each now nearly completed their two centuries; the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In the direction of these societies, the Evangelical clergy, at the period of which I speak, had not the smallest share. Nor was this all. One of them — the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge — was considered to supply the orthodox popular literature of the Church for the children of the Church. It was a body considered to speak for the Church, and this so generally that, along with the bishops and clergy generally, it bore upon its lists of subscribers the names, in their day, of the two Wesleys, and, again, those of the Evangelical leaders known as the Clapham Sect. Let us now see in what light, according to the tenor of this orthodox literature, the Evangelical clergy were exhibited to the body of their countrymen.

In the reign of George IV. the society had on the register of its publications three "Dialogues between a Minister of the Church and his Parishioner," the third of which was "concerning those who are called gospel preachers, or Evangelical ministers." In the second dialogue the parishioner, who bears the modest name of Twilight, had humbly asked what he was to do if his clergyman were really to teach heresies and errors. The answer is that the case would be a very hard one, but (p. 24), says the pastor, "It very seldom happens, because in this pure (!) Church establishment it seldom can; and therefore that question is a question of curiosity, not of edification, and should not have come from you at all, good friend."

Having thus administered a premonitory buffet to poor Twilight, the clergyman finds, in the third dialogue, that the said Twilight (p. 5) did not at all like his "discouraging;" did not consider he preached the gospel, and told him how "Mr. B." had said, —

"There were very few gospel preachers among parish ministers nowadays, only here and there one."

Hereupon the pastor sets forth in glowing terms the merits of the clergy, and asks John whether it is likely any men could believe such a clergy did not preach the gospel, if "sound in their senses or

clear of any unrighteous designs." Such, however, were "the famous Mr. Whitefield and the well-known Wesley" (p. 7); "as you may see in almost every page of their disgusting journals; books that are stuffed with more profane and shocking things, John, than I ever saw in the worst of infidel books."

As might be expected, the teacher obtains an easy victory over the simple-minded John Twilight, who soon becomes amenable to reason. He is now called upon to observe the interested motives of these gospel preachers. The parish clergyman desires emolument only from the parish (query, or parishes?) in which he may be called to minister. But the gospel preachers went from place to place "deluding the simple flock" (p. 26).

"To spoil them of their fleece, and feast upon their fatness at pleasure. We must, however, always beware of imputing bad motives" (p. 27).

But, quoth John, very appositely, "It is not uncharitable, I think, sir, to believe what a man says of himself."

"Certainly not," replies the minister.

Now mark John's reply.

Well then, I have observed, sir, that Mr. B. and all the gospel preachers that I ever heard are always telling us what *great sinners* they are; aye, and the very worst of sinners, and guilty of every kind of wickedness you can name. Now, sir, I certainly have no reason to *disbelieve* them, for they know themselves better than I do. On the contrary, I have now, since you have opened my eyes, very good reason indeed to believe them. Nay, since they declare to me that they are the vilest sinners, *I shall now be a fool if I do not suspect them of the vilest crimes*, and so be upon my guard.

Minister. You get an acute reasoner, John. You certainly press them hard upon this point; but I must say fairly and justly.

It cannot be necessary to go beyond this citation.\* The three tracts were the work of the Rev. Thomas Sikes, vicar of Guilsborough. That publications so scandalous should have been elevated to a place of authority in the practical teaching of the Church is truly marvellous. We cannot be surprised to find that they did not continue to hold their place there long, after the faint beginnings of improvement once came to be perceptible. The editions from which I have quoted are dated 1823. In the year 1829 the tracts had lost their place on the working register and had found it on the retired list: a convenient

kind of limbo, into which were gathered, as "out of print," productions which for any reason it was not thought fit any longer to assume the responsibility of circulating. But I think enough has been done to show to how prevailing an extent the Evangelical clergy were still a despised and a proscribed body in the view of the orthodox "public opinion" of their day. I say the public opinion, because this was no merely clerical proscription. The laity, or the world in general, spoke and acted in the same spirit, so far as, with regard to religion, they spoke or acted at all.

While the Evangelical clergy were in this ill odor with the ruling party in the Church, a change was taking place in the clerical body at large, which we cannot doubt was due, in part at least, to their influence. Beyond the precinct of the school, the number of clergymen who were in earnest about their profession, and whose life betrayed on the surface no sort of inconsistency with it, was increasing during the reigns of George IV. and the first years of William IV. I have heard persons of great weight and authority, such as Mr. Grenville, and also, I think, Archbishop Howley, ascribe the beginnings of this change, and of an extending seriousness in the upper classes of lay society, to a reaction against the horrors and impieties of the French Revolution in its later stages. The nature of the Evangelical movement was not, probably, well calculated to fit its agents for exercising social influence at large. It had a code with respect to amusements which was at once rigid and superficial. This code inflexibly proscribed certain of the forms in which the worldly spirit loves to work, while it left ample room for others not less charged with poison, and perhaps more insidious. In lay life generally it did not ally itself with literature, art, and general cultivation, but it harmonized very well with the money-getting pursuits. While the Evangelical clergyman was, almost of necessity, a spiritual and devoted man, the Evangelical layman might be, and sometimes was the same; but there was in his case far more room for a composition between the two worlds, which left on him the mark of exclusiveness, and tended to a severance from society, without securing an interior standard of corresponding elevation. But it seems probable, if not almost certain, that the interfusion of a class of men like the Evangelical clergy with the clerical body at large, must have powerfully rebuked the gross inconsistencies of professional character, and have operated, with

\* Those curious to consult the work, now rare, may do well also to refer to p. 47.



the force of a widely-diffused example, in raising what was the prevailing, and threatened to become the traditional standard. At any rate, I can quote the evidence on this head of a witness whose competency will be admitted. It was, I think, in or before the year 1835 that I met Mr. Sydney Smith for the first time at the table of Mr. Hallam, in the house on the west side of Wimpole Street, which has become historical through the strains of "In Memoriam." After dinner Mr. Sydney Smith was good enough to converse with me, and he spoke, not of any general changes in the prevailing tone of doctrine, but of the improvement which had then begun to be remarkable in the conduct and character of the clergy. He went back upon what they had been, and said, in his vivid and pointed way of illustration, "Whenever you meet a clergyman of my age, you may be quite sure he is a bad clergyman." He must then have been over fifty, but under sixty. He could afford this good-humored self-condemnation in describing the character of his era; for in truth, as the pastor of a parish, he appears to have shown a manly earnestness for practical purposes, which, if it did not rise alarmingly high, yet was greatly in advance of the time.

We have now reached the epoch, when the "Tracts for the Times" were born. It must not be supposed that, because they took their origin from Oxford, they partook at the outset of the authority or other advantages belonging to an ancient and famous university. It was an obscure birth; a birth, so to speak, in a "hole and corner" of the crowded academic palaces. But a handful of men, and only a single professor, were concerned. It is a curious incident of their production that it seems to have been due to alarm inspired by an operation strictly political, namely, to the demolition, by the Irish Church Temporalities Act in 1833, of nearly one-half of the Established Irish Episcopate. But the purpose of these pages is concerned with the Anglo-Catholic or Tract movement only at the point or points, where it touches the path of the movement known as Evangelical. And principally I wish to notice the fact, which I take to be unquestionable, that since the date of the Tracts — *since* and not before it — the juice and sap of the Evangelical teaching has in a very remarkable manner coursed through "the natural gates and alleys of the body" of the English Church. I mean by its juice and sap, the positive and not the negative part of its teaching. And its positive part was surely its core and substance.

The Evangelical movement had, however, a negative as well as a positive part. We have nothing to do, at present, with the orthodoxy of the sacramental teaching in the Anglo-Catholic theology. But it was an established standard; and to this standard the Evangelical teaching can hardly be thought, by any of its adherents, to have altogether conformed. We cannot be so inobservant of the laws of action and reaction in human thought as to suppose that teaching, or any other, to have been framed upon a perfect model. The good, which in this world is employed to cure great and inveterate evils, commonly brings in its company incidental defects or evils of its own. There can hardly be a question that the Evangelical teaching in the establishment with respect to the Church and the sacraments fell below the standard of the Prayer-book, or the Articles, or both. Indeed, an ingenuous confession to this effect is to be found in the "Lectures" of Mr. Simeon. This was strictly a negative part of the Evangelical scheme; and it did not pass into the general strain of practical instruction in the Anglican Church. But it is hardly too much to say that all its other parts have been appropriated by the Church of England at large, and have also been greatly and beneficially developed. It was common, in my early days, for morality to be taught without direct derivation from, or reference to, the person of Christ. It was still more common that, if the method of the gospel for our salvation from sin and its penalties was the theme, it was dealt with as a sort of joint-stock transaction, to which man was to contribute repentance and faith as conditions previous, and thereupon God would mercifully grant all that we stood in need of. Whether or not this was a doctrine absolutely false I do not now inquire; but it was surely, at the least, a very false method of presenting the true. It gave to the great saving operation of the gospel of grace the air of a bargain in a shop, in which we hand a coin across the counter, and get a commodity in return. The dogmatic relation of faith and works, in the system of the Church of England, remains what it was; but the logomachies and false oppositions have been got rid of, and it hardly ever happens now to hear the question of justification, once so terrible, treated in our pulpits as one which need divide us. Is not the great reason of this that our teachers have learned, and have become used, to ascend from the theme of justification to the yet greater and higher theme of the Justifier, and to take the setting



forth of him in his person, life, and work, as the source and substance, not less than the model, of our life; as their never-ceasing, never-wearying task, the perpetual office of the Church on earth, corresponding with her perpetual offering of praise in heaven.

In this great and cardinal business, without doubt, the Evangelical preachers of the English Church were not innovators, but restorers. They were restorers, not by re-enactment of laws which had been repealed, but by revived attention to laws which had been neglected or forgotten. That their restoration was perfect, that it distorted nothing, added nothing, above all, that it curtailed nothing, I do not say. But they were in the main restorers; and all the followers and preachers of the later movement, who so largely profited by their labors, accepted those labors not as discovery, and not as innovation, but as part of a restoring work, which, as they declared, it was their aim to complete.

*Which it was their aim to complete.* I do not mean to say that the founders of the Oxford school announced, or even that they knew, to how large an extent they were to be pupils and continuators of the Evangelical work, besides being something else. They were, indeed, at first that something else so seriously and effectively that they seemed to be that something exclusively. Their distinctive speech was of church and priesthood, of sacraments and services, as the vesture, under the varied folds of which the form of the divine Redeemer was to be exhibited to the world; in a way capable of, and suited for, transmission by a collective body, from generation to generation. It may well have happened that, in straining to secure for their ideas what they thought their due place, some, at least among their disciples, may have forgotten or disparaged that personal and experimental life of the human soul with God, which profits by all ordinances but is tied to none, dwelling ever, through all its varying moods, in the inner court of the sanctuary, of which the walls are not built with hands. The only matter, however, with which I am now concerned is to record the fact that the pith and life of the Evangelical teaching, as it consists in the reintroduction of Christ our Lord to be the woof and warp of preaching, was the great gift of the movement to the teaching Church, and has now penetrated and possessed it on a scale so general that it may be considered as pervading the whole mass.

I proceed to consider some incidental

topics, which associate themselves with that weighty fact.

Upon the face of the case, as thus presented, there comes a kind of presumption that the Evangelical movement may have stood in some relation of parentage to the Tractarian. But if so, it was hardly a conscious or voluntary parentage; for the Evangelical party, as a party, joined, though on very different grounds, with the outer world, in utterly condemning the Tractarian movement from the first, as heartily as the clergy of the eighteenth century had joined with that same world in condemning the teaching of Wesley or of Whitefield. That withered clergy did not know how, within a century, much of the teaching they reviled would be transfused and filtered into the working system of their successors, and would, so to speak, integrate their own defective methods. Can there have been anything analogous to this in the relations between the Evangelical and Tractarian movements? There is often, in the course of this wayward and bewildered world, exterior opposition, and sincere and even violent condemnation, between persons or bodies who are nevertheless profoundly associated by ties and relations that they know not of. Whitefieldism on the one hand, and the clericalism of the eighteenth century on the other, knew one another simply as systems repelling and excluding one another. They knew not how profoundly there was set in each that which would draw to and assimilate with the other. They knew it no more than two pieces of cork floating on a basin of water, which first imperceptibly steal towards one another, and then by attraction, come rapidly to touch. Logical continuity and moral causation are stronger than the conscious thought of man; they mock it, and play with it, and constrain it, even without its knowledge, to suit their purposes.

In these pages I have dealt partly with a matter of fact; namely, the existence of a great revival of what may roughly be called gospel-preaching in the English Church, extending far beyond the limits of school or party, and (in general terms) covering the whole field. And partly I have had to deal with a cause; for I have assigned the causation of this most happy change to the Evangelical movement. Thus far I pay it not only an unmixed honor but one which its adherents will be under no temptation to question. The scene changes when I add the surmise that, in the great historic order, which Providence directs, there may have been some further unseen relation between

Evangelicalism and Tractarianism. I cannot attempt to define it, and I admit that the statement seems to carry something of the aspect of paradox. But all human systems produce much that they do not aim at producing. There is causation by parentage; and there is also causation by the way of opposition and reaction. The friends of these two systems upon the whole viewed one another with marked disapproval; and while the one was known almost for an idolatry of the Reformers, parts of whose works were reproduced by Mr. Legh Richmond as those of the "fathers of the Church," on the other hand the disposition of the Tractarians — may it not be said, their besetting sin — was to undervalue and disparage these same Reformers: a disposition of which, in the case of the remains of Mr. R. H. Froude, published by two of the authors of the Tracts, we have a glaring if not almost a scandalous instance. It is, however, pretty plain that if the Evangelical partisan — for such persons there must inevitably be — accepts with complacency the praise of having altered and improved the preaching of the English Church at large, the fruit of this eulogy may turn to ashes in his mouth when he encounters the suggestion that there may have been other relations, besides those of pure antagonism, between the Evangelical and the Tractarian movements.

He will reply, and reply with justice, that he — I mean now the collective he — pronounced anathema on the Tractarian movement from the first, and predicted what the movers themselves steadily denied, that its real goal and full accomplishment were to be found only in Romanism, which could not fail to reap the harvest it was busily engaged in sowing. My object, however, is not to minister to the predilections of mere partisans of whatever class, but to contribute, if it be but one grain in weight, to the truth of history. Nor is it his susceptibilities only that, unintentionally and reluctantly, I may wound. If impartiality require the exhibition of a relation between Evangelicalism and the genesis of the Tractarian movement, it cannot halt at this point, but must proceed to indicate a relation between Tractarianism and the most remarkable group, or rather train, of secessions from the Church of England to the Church of Rome, which have been known since the epoch of the Reformation. In both cases alike, the relation will be repudiated with sincerity and zeal; but it may nevertheless exist. There are manifestly

distinctions to be drawn between them, and especially this distinction. Tractarianism was a movement obviously in the direction of the Church of Rome; Evangelicalism was a movement not obviously in the direction of Tractarianism. But this question of direction, or, so to speak, of the point of the compass, neither decides, nor even helps towards the decision of, the main issue, as may be shown by a score of instances. The Swiss Reformation, and indeed the Reformation generally, cut away portions of the teaching of the Latin Church: Socinus and Ochino cut away these, and others with them: so the Reformation may be called a movement in the direction of Socinianism. Nonconformity rejected portions of the Common Prayer-book; is it on this account to be subjected to a like imputation? Hampden moved in the direction of Cromwell, Lafayette in the direction of Robespierre; but Hampden is not responsible for the execution of Charles I., nor Lafayette for the Reign of Terror. Generally the partisans of constitutional monarchy move away from despotism in the direction of anarchy; but, instead of being anarchists, they are those, as we English hold, who build by far the firmest barriers against disorder. It is often the resisting, not the attacking, party which is responsible for the most destructive consequences of the assault. Let us be cautious in our inferences; let us be sound in our facts. Let us know that our effects really have been effected, before we proceed to inquire into their causes.

What appears as matter of fact to be quite undeniable is, firstly that the Tractarian party, or the Oxford school, was very powerfully reinforced from the Evangelical ranks. Of the three great authors of the Tracts, Mr. Keble was the only one belonging to the school of traditional Anglican theology. Cardinal Newman, when driven to write his "Apologia," added to British literature a gem, that must always shine brightly among its treasures. In this fascinating work, he frankly disclosed the close spiritual associations between Evangelical doctrine and feeling, and the foundations of his religious life. His brother English cardinal, the official head of the Latin Church in England, had belonged in the strictest sense to the ranks of the party. Enumeration need not be carried downwards: it might be invidious, and there is no doubt about the abundance of instances. Equally undeniable is it that the Church of England has supplied her Roman relative during our time, and especially between 1840 and 1850, with an

unrivalled band of recruits. A pamphlet recently printed enumerates about three thousand. Of these several hundreds were clergymen; and persons of title are also numerous. Some of these seceders were persons brought for the first time under strong religious influences. Some cases may have been simply due to personal idiosyncrasies; some to a strong reaction from pure unbelief; some came from Presbyterianism, the merest handful from Nonconformity, or, on the other side, from the old-fashioned Anglican precinct, represented by men like Archbishop Howley, Bishop Blomfield, or Dr. Hook. Very many, and especially among women, made the change through what may be called pious appetite, without extended knowledge or careful inquiry. But there was a large and, still more, an important class, not included within any of these descriptions; principally clerical, but not without a lay fraction, made up of men competent in every way by talent, attainment, position, character, to exercise a judgment, which judgment they did exercise in general to their own heavy temporal prejudice. The secession of this body of men is a conspicuous event, of the first order, in the Anglican religious history of a very remarkable time. What persons are responsible, and what system is responsible, for this result, which from more than one point of view can hardly be regarded as other than a serious disaster, inasmuch as it has sharpened the outlines and heightened the pretensions of Romanism not less decidedly, than it thinned the regimental forces of the Anglican system, and for a time utterly disparaged, if it did not destroy, its credit?

I am not, of course, about to deny that the bulk of the most distinguished clergy and others, who passed over into the Church of Rome between 1840 and 1860, were reputed Tractarians at the period when they proceeded to make the spring across the chasm. And therefore it has been said, and will be said again, Tractarianism was the cause of the change. It was a case of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. But Mr. Cobden once said, during the controversy on the Corn Law, "We must look into the cause of our distress; and into the causes of that cause." So if we detect in Tractarianism the parent of the Romeward movement, and if we drive home the charge by showing that most of those who moved to Rome were Tractarians, we cannot stop here. The seed, which sprang up in the fullest-blown developments of the Latin Church, had itself been shed by

some anterior plant: and what was that plant? Was it the very movement, which had so enlivened the action of the English Church? Was it the attempt to work the scheme and system of Evangelical opinions under the conditions of the Prayer-book and the Act of Uniformity, of an episcopal, traditional, and historical Church, and of an ecclesiastical law, which, be it remembered, is at this moment the pre-Reformation law, except in the points in which it has been expressly altered by competent authority? Was it the scheme which may even be said to claim Whitefield and his school for its grandparent, but which at any rate stands in a filial relation to the lightly honored names of Newton, the Milners, Simeon, Scott, and Venn? The scheme, too, which draws perhaps the highest of all its distinctions from its close association with the pure and saintly character, and the noble career, of Mr. Wilberforce?

I do not believe that this question admits of any answer which shall be unqualified, and shall also be consistent with the truth. Causation, in the movements of the human mind, is not a thing single and simple. It is a thing continuous but latent; a thing hard to trace, sometimes baffling us altogether, and at best capable only of being detected here and there, and exhibited by general indications. But there is a general indication which, as far as it goes, is unquestionable, since it stands upon the solid ground of fact. It is this, that among the leading minds associated with the Romeward movement an overruling proportion, in weight if not in number, were supplied by those who had previously served, and generally whose religious life and experience had begun, in the Evangelical camp. We have, presumably at least, saddled upon Tractarianism the parentage of that secession generally, because so many of those who "went to Rome" were Tractarians. How can the Evangelical scheme escape a trenchant and prior responsibility, "once removed," if it appears that most of the leading persons who thus ended their theological and experimental travels at the Vatican were men, the buddings of whose religious life had been in form and color Evangelical? I have already spoken of the two distinguished heads—the official and the moral head, so to speak—of the Anglo-Roman communion in England. I have disclaimed enumeration generally, as it might be invidious; but it can hardly be invidious to speak of the dead in this connection, where nothing is in question but

the right exercise of judgment, and no breath of moral taint is to be breathed upon a single reputation. Among these dead the very names will speak in a great measure for themselves. There are, for example, upon the record the names of Sibthorp, Ryder, Simeon, Dodsworth; and above all Wilberforce, for three out of the four sons of Mr. Wilberforce passed over into the Roman communion. Among the laity I may add, as standing in the same category, my friend James Robert Hope, better known as Hope-Scott, a man of the most distinguished gifts and the highest strain of character, in company with whom, and at the risk of rustication, I twice when an undergraduate attended the Baptist chapel at Oxford, once to hear Dr. Chalmers, and once to hear Mr. Rowland Hill. The persons whom I have named, dead and living, were not to be regarded as solitary cases: they were mostly typical and normal, as well as senior, men; men, as I conceive, the most typical and normal to be found among the seceders. They drew scores, aye, hundreds, of others in their train; and of all these leaders it must be said that, as they proceeded from Oxford (so to speak) to Rome, so they had already marched from Clapham to Oxford.

Such facts as these, though mostly the records of moral martyrdoms, may be spoken of without indelicacy and without restraint. When we proceed to reason upon causes, it must be in a different strain. We are probably too near the events for any complete elucidation. Perhaps a common caveat may be entered, and a common defence likewise urged, validly, up to a certain point, in the two cases. The *caveat* will be, that in the final resort every system must be judged by its own inward conformity to the laws of truth and reason, not by the mode in which it is handled and applied by individual minds, liable, even in the highest instances, both to patent and to hidden forms of error. And it may be said with truth, by way of defence, that for one clergyman who became Tractarian, twenty or fifty remained Evangelical, and that for one Tractarian who became Roman, twenty or fifty remained Tractarian. Candor, however, compels a certain amount of deduction from this defence; for in the years from 1840 to 1860, if the numbers were full twenty to one, it cannot be said that the weight and force were divided in a proportion so overwhelming. Both the cases may perhaps be found by some to lie under a common and sweeping condemnation. Both systems, it may be said, created instincts, and stimulated

longings, which they could not satisfy. The Evangelical movement filled men so full with the wine of spiritual life, that larger and better vessels were required to hold it. The Oxford school, in constructing a scheme of external usage and of Church authority, forgot that the little piece of mechanism thus elaborated for use within the limited range of Anglicanism, would of a surety gravitate more or less towards the huge mass of the Latin Church, lying before, and behind, and all around it. Our Nonconforming friends seem, it must be admitted, in a condition from their point of view to admonish both in magisterial tones. "This is what we have always said: your semi-reformed Church, with her inconsistent laws and institutions all bound up together, is always on the downward gradient which descends to Rome. We teach Evangelical doctrine liberated from such associations, and consequently, as you see, Rome gathers no booty from our homesteads; you teach it in a Church of succession and priesthood, and from among you she makes captives at her will."

Of twenty-five parts, into which the population of England and Wales may be divided, one is Roman and twenty-four are anti-Roman. Of the remaining or twenty-fifth section more, probably, than three-fourths are Irish, by birth, or by manners and associations, and live in a sphere, which in a measure lies apart from the general community. Of the ninety-six per cent. who are opposed to Rome, a large part will utterly condemn any system which, to their eye, resembles the Roman one, and the whole will unanimously admit the condemnation as against any system which can be shown, by an irrefragable connection of logic and feeling, to carry its votaries into the Roman precinct. This condemnation, on this ground, has for fifty years been unequivocally pronounced by the Evangelical school on the Oxford school, and it is echoed by large numbers, perhaps by a majority, of the population. But if, as we have found, Oxford was only the posting-house, where the most eminent and powerful of the seceders slept on their journey towards Rome, the question will arise, What is to be said of the place from which that journey had begun, and how can the starting-point be exempted from a share in the same condemnation, which lights upon the halting-place? The fact seems to stand immovably that it was not Hooks, or Kebles, or Williamses,\* but

\* The Rev. Isaac Williams, author of "The Ca-

Newmans, Mannings, and Wilberforces, who organized and led the host, so considerable alike in numbers, learning, and devotion, and who converted no small share of the most attached children of the English Church into her most determined and, in many cases, her fiercest, foes.

The statements of fact in these pages are, of course, open to question, but, I believe, most of the particulars, and the general color of the whole, will not be denied. The observations and inferences have therefore been offered, not dogmatically, and not as indications of any particular leanings of my own in one direction or another, but with what I may term academic freedom, as provocatives of thought, and as contributions towards a discussion which, in whatever direction it may ultimately verge, deeply concerns the future welfare of this land. In the few observations, with which I have to conclude this fragmentary production, I may venture to express more definitely-formed opinions.

An important yet, in view of greater issues, a minor branch of this discussion suggests the inquiry whether the divisions of thought, practice, and tendency, now existing in the Church of England, may not materially hasten her removal from that station of civil privilege, which she still holds under the steady protest of the Nonconformists generally, more and more united as they are from year to year in founding their Nonconformity upon the unlawfulness of State establishments, as a primary and leading principle. A far larger and deeper problem is, of course, presented to us when we inquire, in connection with these differences, what front the Christianity of the country, and especially the great Anglican Communion, is to present to the disintegrating movement, which, however premature in its songs of triumph over Christianity, has undoubtedly made a progress which some years ago would have seemed incredible, in the business of sapping the foundations of belief in individual minds. I think that, as among those within the Church of England, some obvious inferences arise from what has been said. And this particularly. If there has been any thing of historical and logical connection, such as has here been glanced at, between the growth of the Evangelical and the genesis of the Tractarian movements, the mother ought to look with considerable charity on the aberrations of the child.

It seems hard to deny that the Nonconformist, when he compares himself with the Evangelical teacher, has reason to claim for his system the credit of greater cohesion and consistency. It must be plain, however, to the serious and candid observer of our religious history that, though Evangelicalism as a system may have been eminently narrow and inconsequent, it was born to do a noble work, and that the men, to whose hands the work was committed, were men worthy of this high election. Further, in respect of its vivifying and restoring influences, that work is one permanent as the gospel; for it is no more or less than an effective inception, if not a full development, of the restoring agency by which the gospel restores our weak and defaced humanity to more than its ancient beauty, and makes "the glory of this latter house to be more than the glory of the former." The durability of the school, or system, is another matter. On what may be called its scientific side, it does not seem to have, and perhaps after a hundred years it may even be deemed incapable of having, any recognized standard, theological or ecclesiastical. A large portion of its vital energies have evidently, and most beneficially, melted down, contemporaneously with the Oxford movement, into the general mass of the Church of England; while a smaller but very precious portion has likewise oozed through it into the Church of Rome, whether with the same good consequences it is not my part to judge. It may be that it is still destined to suffer from what I take to be its besetting weakness; namely, that which arises by reaction, from its promoting what I have termed individualism in a degree exceeding not only the Anglican but also the Nonconforming schemes. Wherever individualism is thus largely indulged, cohesion cannot be durable; there must be expected, as there has been observed, a remarkable want of permanence in personal and family tradition, a great difficulty in encountering the controversial arms of better organized systems, and generally a disposition to the licentious use of the power, thus confided without reference to capacity or office. But it may also be that a more or less pronounced Evangelical school is still required for the general religious welfare of the Anglican Church, in order to maintain, if only by an emulation as between the men of Apollos and of Paul, the vigor and activity in the Anglican body of those "doctrines of grace," without which the salt of Christianity soon loses all its savor.

It is very difficult to say to what extent

thedral" and of well-known commentaries; a close associate of the authors of the Tracts, and, I understand, a sharer in their composition.



the case of Tractarianism, or, as it is now more commonly called, Ritualism, may be open to analogous observations. In one important particular, a similitude seems undoubtedly to hold; namely, that the system exists not for itself only, but for what lies beyond itself. It has infected, or pervaded, the entire services of the Anglican Church, and redeemed them, at least externally, from a state of what was too often absolute degradation in a religious point of view. There are perhaps few, even of the Churches known as Evangelical, in which the services and the structural arrangements do not bear marks of the influence so derived. Nay, it may be asked whether that same influence has not powerfully touched, in this respect, the Presbyterian and Nonconforming Churches. If so, and if the influence be beneficial, it is the return of a benefit received. For the present methods of hymnody of the English Church have, I apprehend, in substance been copied from them. And this hymnody will, I think, be admitted to contribute largely not only to the outward effect, but, which is a very different matter, to the true inward life of her services. The very remarkable "communion of hymns," so to call it, which now prevails throughout the land, is in truth one among the consolatory signs of the great amount of religious unity still subsisting, though amidst many and even important differences, in this nation.

It may be that this Ritualism will also lose in a manner the characteristics of a school; that what the English Church can assimilate from the materials it supplies will pervade the mass, and that of the residue some part will evaporate. I give no opinion on the proportions in which these elements subsist; nor upon the degree in which the Church of England will by this assimilation be brought nearer to her far-distant ideal; nor upon the question whether the sinister auguries of supplying a nursery for Rome will continue in some greater or less degree to be fulfilled; or whether such fulfilment will be due to the tendencies of the system, or to the weakness or other fault of individuals, or to the treatment received at the hands of other persons or parties. For myself, I am convinced, without claiming the adhesion of any one else, that the great preparatory agent in co-operation with the Roman Church is the war now so actively waged against belief. Discrediting as well as supplanting in susceptible minds the stay they once had, and furnishing no other, the sceptical assault too often leaves a state of vacancy and hunger as well as of

chaos, to which her boldness, and her confidence in the proposal of her peculiar remedies are eminently congenial. But I think it plain that the separate existence of the school will be promoted, and its accentuation sharpened, and its tendency to supply recruits for the Latin Church promoted, by the long continuance of ineffectual attempts at legal proscription.

Upon the whole, I surmise that sensible men, upon surveying the field of religious action during the last half century, will consider, each from his own point of view, that the cause of truth and right has had both its victories to record, and its defeats to mourn over. It is a blessed thing to think that behind the blurred aspect of that cause, which we see as in a glass darkly, there is the eye of One to whom all is light, and who subdues to his own high and comprehensive, and perhaps for that reason remote, purposes all the partial and transitory phenomena, with which we are so sorely perplexed. The systems or forms, under which we conceive the truth, may each have its several colors, hereafter to be blended into a perfect ray. It will not then be the most boastful or the most aggressive among them that will be found to be the least refracted from the lines of the perfect truth, but the one which shall best have performed the work of love, and shall have effected the largest diminution in the mass of sin and sorrow that deface a world, which came so fair from the hand of its Maker. Here there is opened to us a noble competition, wherein, each adhering firmly to what he has embraced humbly, we may all co-operate for the glory of God with a common aim; and, every one according what he asks, and according it as freely as he asks it, all may strive to cultivate the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace.

I will not bring this paper to a close without hazarding two remarks, more or less extraneous to its main subject.

In the university of its birth, the Tractarian movement laid hold, with a powerful grasp, on the intellect of its generation; which, within that precinct, it seemed at one time almost to have absorbed. It has already lived to witness a woful change in a severance less extensive, but still very marked, and let us hope, not less transitory, of the minds holding the same relative rank among the young from the pastoral office, and the inner communion, so to call it, of the Church. This is a sad and sore mischief. "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest."



Secondly, and lastly. The progressive and the subversive tendencies of our time alike heighten the necessity for a learned clergy. A devout and active clergy the Church of England happily possesses. But learning, within the clerical body, suffers heavily from a combination of different causes: one of them the increase and varied activity of pastoral duties, another, their numerous, nay, almost innumerable, administrative cares. Some of these partake largely of a secular character; and many are such as to call for an enlarged amount of lay assistance. Why aid of this kind is not more fully rendered, is a question beyond the scope of this paper. But the evil of stunted thought and study is so great, that it is well to designate, even without discussing, it. There is, I apprehend, no room for doubt that the Nonconforming minister is able to spend a far larger share of time upon this very important department of his duties, than his brother the parochial incumbent.

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SARAH DE BERENGER.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

CHAPTER XXIII.

UZZIAH DILL and his wife were both sorely fatigued when, in the rosy flush of a summer morning, they reached the little inn. Its windows were not yet opened, and they sat on a bench outside, under a thickly-branched maple-tree. Uzziah Dill was able to observe and reflect. He noticed the neatness and cleanliness of his wife's array. She was one of those women who are far more attractive in early middle life than in youth. The lanky, gaunt figure had a fuller and more gracious outline now; the sometimes thin features and great, hungering eyes were softer. It was a long time since any man had struck her, or insulted her, or scowled at her, and even after that night of misery, her expression of countenance bore witness to this fact. She was languid, very weary, and very full of sorrow, but her fear of him, as he had sense to see, was no fear of a blow.

He thought she would soon "come round." She had loved him when he had ill-treated her; surely her very jealousy was a proof that, whatever she might say, she had not entirely ceased to love him even now. And he meant to be so good to her, so—yes, even so loving to her. He had not wished to meet with her—very far

from it—but here she was, and he found himself exulting.

There was a pump close at hand, and some sparkling, clear water lying under it, in a wooden trough. Hannah Dill went to it, and taking off her bonnet, bathed her aching eyes and brow. He watched her; approved in his very heart the semi-methodistic plainness of her dress; saw her twist up her long hair with interest, put on her bonnet and shawl again, and come slowly back.

He thought he would say something encouraging and affectionate to her. He would let her know that she had happiness before her, and not misery; but when she came and sat down near him again, her gentle patience, her hopeless eyes, that did not look at him, seemed to steal his words out of his mouth.

"Hannah," was all he managed to say, "they are astir in the inn now; I'd better go in and tell them to get us some breakfast."

He seemed to wait her reply, and she said listlessly, "As you will."

It had pleased God already to discipline his base nature; he had endured great fear, had found himself to be vile. It had seemed to himself, as he lay once in the prison in solitary confinement, on account of his bad language and coarse insubordination, it had seemed all on a sudden as if some evil spirit drew near him in the dark and took his sins by armfuls and heaped them over him, and he saw them as if they had bodily substance, and there were so many that they crushed him down. His first sensation was more astonishment than even fear. All these hateful things, excepting one or two that always haunted him, had seemed to be dead and gone, and now they were alive; not put away, but his, swarming about him, part of himself. He struggled, he trembled, he cried out. Then he thought he would act a more manful part; he tried to fling them off, he would not be so cowed. What could he do by way of occupation? He would recall all the songs he had been used to sing, and sing them now. So he wiped his forehead and began. But lo, it was a quivering, craven voice that sang; it moaned over the wicked words, it sank and choked over the impure ones. There was no comfort here. But something he must and would do, or this stifling weight on his soul would kill him. It was not that he repented, it was hardly remorse that he felt; it was the mere presence always over and about him of this load of wickedness, that he knew to be his own wickedness, that daunted him

and made him so wretched. Well, he would say over so many of his school lessons as he could remember, he would set himself sums in his own mind, he would go over the multiplication table.

The chaplain found him one day at this weary work, trying to find some occupation and some thoughts to stand between him and his crimes. His sleep had departed, his mind was clouded, he was willing for once to speak, and seemed to think that no man had ever suffered so before. "I can't get them away!" he exclaimed, tearing at his breast. "How should I? — they are myself. I shall die if they press me down so."

The chaplain had always felt a sort of horror of him, he had been such a hypocrite, he had done so much to corrupt some of the other prisoners. He looked at him attentively, supposing that this was only some new piece of hypocrisy.

"The Almighty has been hard upon me," he continued; "I am cast into hell before my death."

"No," answered the chaplain. "The Almighty has been merciful to you, and given you still your life to repent in."

"I have tried to repent, and I cannot. How should I get to repent?" he answered.

"God, and God only, can give true repentance. You must humbly ask him to give it to you." And then he looked doubtfully at the prisoner, who seemed so restless and so defiant, and so enraged. "Like a wild bull in a net," he thought within himself.

"I've tried as hard as ever I can to do what you call repent," continued the prisoner. "But even if I could be sorry all my days, here they are, these sins; I could not get away from them."

"No," answered the chaplain; "but you have leave to take them and lay them at the foot of the cross, the cross of Christ."

The prisoner answered, but not irreverently, only with the dulness of despair, "He would have nothing to do with such as I am. And why should he?"

"Why, indeed?" answered the chaplain; "that is more than we know. But if you can believe that God gave him, and that he was willing to be given, to take away the sins of the world, you know enough."

"Well, I've heard say so all my life," said the prisoner, "but that don't seem to bring me any help. I'm down, that's what I am — sunk in the pit — and I don't see any hope, nor ease, nor daylight, nor way of getting out."

"And I cannot say so much as 'God help you,'" answered the chaplain; "for God offers you help only in that one way, and if you will not have it, there is no help for you in heaven or earth."

"I've done a good many black deeds," reasoned the prisoner, "as the good Lord knows better than you do. If I could only get them down and trample them under my feet, I would kneel then and cry for mercy."

"I tell you that trying to trample down your crimes is of no use. Your character is a part of yourself; you cannot get away from it nor do away with them; but the Saviour of mankind, if you will go to him, will not only forgive, but will release you and relieve you of them, and take them on himself."

"Then let him," cried the prisoner, flinging himself on the ground — "let him!" he cried with vehemence, and almost with rage. "Let the good Lord have mercy on my miserable soul! I'm spent with misery, I can do nothing in the world; but if he did die to save such black sinners, and if he can bear with those that cannot even bear with themselves, and can get them free of their sins, and make men of them again, he never had a better chance than he has now. I say it humbly to him, let the good Lord try his hand on me."

In the choking accents both of rage and despair, Uzziah Dill cried out thus as he lay grovelling on the ground, and the young chaplain, starting up, looked at him with something like fear. The coarse nature and the ungoverned passions of the man had been taken hold of by a power too strong for him to cope with, but his own words rang in his ears now, and he lay upon the floor silently, as if a great awe was upon him.

The chaplain had nothing to say. A great many convicts had professed repentance, and most of them on release had fallen away. He was about to kneel and offer prayer, when the convict sat up, and said in a scared voice, as if for the first time conscious of that great presence in which we always dwell, "Those I shouted up were impudent words. I had no call to shout at all," he continued, looking round. "But I say again, the Lord, for Christ's sake, have mercy on my sinful soul!" Then — strange comment indeed on his own prayer — "Now," he continued, still with that look of awe, "now I've played my last card."

The chaplain, feeling shocked both at the wicked fellow's prayer and the violent

way in which he had acted, was soon out of his cell. Uzziah Dill was asleep the next time he came to visit him, and the second time was so peaceful and quiet, as to appear more than ever a hypocrite to those about him; but he used no bad language, and was never insubordinate any more.

So, it had pleased God already to discipline his coarse nature. He had been cast into prison for his crimes, and there they had been shown to him as if pointed at by a finger from above; and then they had fallen from him, had been sunk, as it were, in the depths of the sea. And after that had come the discipline of contempt and long suspicion. These lasted almost till the time of his release—during all those years when he had been earnestly trying to improve himself, his intellect and all his powers becoming stronger through long protection from the constant tempting to drink, which had been too much for his feeble nature and weak constitution.

And now another discipline was preparing for him, woven out of circumstances, and from one of the commonest contradictions that prevail in this contrary world.

He was not so obtuse that he did not perceive his wife's misery, her almost loathing of him. The love she had borne him and which he had never cared for, and long forgotten, flashed back on his remembrance now. He seemed to have a right to it now, and every half-hour assured him that to be a good and loving husband to her would be an easy task now. And he could not have it.

If God had forgiven him, why could not she? He longed to assure her how different he now was, but his tongue was tied; she would not believe him. He remembered with a pang the many good women that had kindly and even proudly entertained him after his temperance lectures, "for his works' sake;" but the deep humility of dawning love made him all too certain that they did not know him as his wife did, they did not know his past.

They ate and they drank together almost in silence; then, to the astonishment of Hannah Dill, her husband talked humbly and most piously to the landlady while she cleared away. It was very early; and if she and her family were not in the usual habit of having family prayers, he would be very glad to conduct it for them, for, with apologetic gentleness, "it was indeed so bright and early, that no interruption of business was likely."

The landlady took the proposal well. The poor wife felt that she could hardly

bear to hear him "show off" before her; but when Uzziah Dill was told that the inn kitchen was ready for him, and that, beside the household, two carriers, "very quiet men," would be glad to join, he said, so as not to be overheard, "Hannah, I seem to feel as you would liefer stay here, and I've nothing to say against it."

"No, Uzziah," she answered, instantly changing her mind, "I fare to think I had better go in;" and she sighed and followed him.

The poor ex-convict had a ready tongue, and he already knew his one book well. He read a psalm, and made a few devout comments on it. His wife, in spite of herself, thought his remarks almost as scholarly and fine as Mr. de Berenger's; and when he began to pray, and faltered a good deal for all his earnestness, she knew as well as if she had been told, that it was her presence which took away his self-possession. He desired her approval; he wondered what she would think.

So, when they were alone in the little parlor—for the parliamentary train was not to pass till noon—she said to him, "Uzziah, it is but right I should tell you I'll never breathe to any soul your having been in prison. I'll not interfere with your speeches in that way."

"Thank you heartily," he answered; "but, Hannah, where I think it will do good to tell it, I often have told it myself."

"Do good?" she exclaimed. "How should it do good? Who is to listen if you tell such a thing as that?"

"Many a drunkard will listen," he answered, "if he finds that, through the drink, I have been in a worse case than he has. It's all the drink, Hannah, that does for us. I never wished to do a thing against the law till I was under the temptation of it. When I had once done wrong, I sneaked and was wishful to do better and keep right till I was half drunk again; then the old wicked daring came, and made a wild beast of me. It gave me courage and cunning, too. I saw how to do the bad thing, when my pulse was all alive with that stimulus. But it was my natural way, before I was a converted man, to be a hypocrite. So I must watch most against that sin, and not make out that I've always had a good character."

"Then how do you get a living? Who employs you?" she inquired.

"Well, first place, I'm never called an impostor, for I acknowledge that I'm low down. In general, after I've spoke, there's a little collection made for me; and I have my tools, so, if a brother or sister has any

shoes to mend, I mend them. Though I say it, they're well done, and through that I often get more custom. Or, so long as I seem to be doing any good in a town, I take a little journeyman's work, and so, what with one thing and another, I bless the Lord I have not wanted yet."

If there was anything ludicrous in this speech, that was not the quality in it which most struck his wife.

"You live from hand to mouth, then?" she observed.

"I did ought to do," he answered; "but I went to Mr. Gordon to look after you, and he told me there was fifteen pound in hand, and that I was to have thirty pound a year so soon as I could claim it."

"Yes," she replied; "it were but right."

"Well, I took the fifteen, and it seemed as if I was distrusting the Lord, and I could not spend it, Hannah; let alone your uncle never meant his earnings to come into my grip. I have given three pound of it away to some of the Lord's poor, and to a man that I got to take the pledge, and here is the rest in my pocket. We shall go about so cheap, Hannah—sometimes in a smack, and sometimes in an excursion train or a carrier's cart. That thirty pound a year will keep you, with what little extra I can earn."

*We?* Then he expected to have her always with him!

"But why should you feel any call to go moving about?" she repeated.

"Because I'm a temperance lecturer. But I have not the impudence to offer myself to be paid by any society—none of them would employ a man that had not a good character. I do not preach. I seem to think you'll be glad to hear that."

"You're not a Dissenter, Uziah?"

"No; so I don't interfere with the work of the ministry. But I make the offer of the gospel wherever I can privately, and I go and see poor folks in prisons and work-houses, when I can get leave." He paused, then added, with a sigh, "It cuts me very deep, Hannah, to see you look so miserable, and hardly seem to care about anything. If you knew more about this temperance question, and how drink is the one cause of the ruin of nineteen out of twenty that go to the bad—"

She interrupted. "I know all about temperance—all," she said, listlessly.

He looked surprised, then, as if her weary indifference goaded him into making a complaint, he continued, "And if you knew how pleased I am to find you again, and how it cuts me to see that—well, I mean, you used to be fond of me, Hannah."

"Yes."

"And if I'd been so blest as to have found salvation then, and taken to sober ways, you'd have been a happy woman."

"Yes."

She sighed bitterly, as she uttered that one syllable of reply; she evidently could not rouse herself to care what he thought of her. He went to the window and looked out, trying to find something to say that would please her. The time was getting on, and he had certainly made no way at present. When he looked round, she had slipped out of the room. She had resolved to ask for the bill and pay it herself, that, if any allusion was made to her having been there the evening before with young ladies, she might be the only person to hear it.

"I have no luggage, Uziah," she said, when she returned; "and if you ask me why, I cannot tell you, nor which of the four towns I came from, that met here yesterday. But I have paid the reckoning, and I've money in my hand that will buy me clothes for a good while to come." She had, in fact, been paid her quarter's wages a few days previously.

Uzziah Dill seemed to understand that he was to ask no questions, or perhaps he perceived that it would only be a waste of words if he did; so he proceeded to show, as he thought, a great proof of confidence. He laid about two pounds on the table, in silver and copper, and took out a small parcel done up in brown paper. "That's the twelve pound, Hannah," he said, "and there's what money I have. You had better take charge of it, and I can ask you for what I want; I never spend a penny now that I need be ashamed you should know of. I've kept out enough to pay our two tickets."

She shrank from this mark of his trust in her. "I'm not used to carry so much about with me," she said faintly. "You'd better by half put it back again." So he did, looking almost as spiritless as herself; and they walked slowly to the station.

And now began a new and very strange life for Hannah Dill. The third-class carriage was full of people, and her husband, with a kind of uncouth attempt at politeness, began to offer them temperance tracts. Some took them, others argued with him, and made game of him. He showed what, to his wife, seemed an unnatural and distressing humility. It seemed not in the least to signify what they said of him or to him, if they would only take his tracts and promise to read them.

It was a very slow train, and Hannah Dill, in spite of herself, dozed; but her sleep was far from refreshing, and she started with a slow cry of terror when her husband touched her and said they were to get out.

It was about four miles to the next station, and to that they were to walk and wait till late in the afternoon, when another train would come up and take them on. Uziah Dill bought some food, and they went on together, he carrying it, and she holding her umbrella over her head, for the day was sultry. There was plenty of time before them, and the walk might have been delightful to a happier woman. They went through newly cut hay-fields and among bean-fields; they came to a little river, full of floating water-lilies — it was spanned by a wooden bridge. Close to it was a small empty cart-shed, and in its shade they sat down to make their noonday meal. After that the ex-convict, not able to repress his joy at his wife's presence, and his thankfulness for God's goodness, proposed to sing a hymn, and forthwith broke out into a well-known strain, full of exultation, joy, and praise.

Thunder had been muttering for some time. And with more than common suddenness, a cloud, coming over, burst in torrents of rain; while, just as the last verse was in course of conclusion, two young men dashed across the wooden bridge from the opposite field, and took shelter also in the shed.

"By Jove!" exclaimed one of them, taking off his hat and sprinkling the dust with drops from its brim. "They are going it."

He meant the elements. And just then a great green flash seemed to run all over them and among them, and such a rattling, crashing peal of thunder with it, that the water in the little river shook with its vibrations.

"By Jove!" repeated the same young man, in an admiring and more respectful tone, as if he could not think of withholding his tribute to these elements, when they were so much in earnest about their business.

Then the usual thing followed. Uziah Dill, with humble civility, almost ludicrous, rose, and making his bow to the young men on the other side of the cart, received two nods in reply, while he said, "The gods of the heathen, gentlemen, are no good to swear by in a danger like this. I'll take leave to address a prayer to the true God, for we seem to be in the very midst of the muddle; and I have my dear

wife with me, whose safety it's natural I should think of." Thereupon, pulling off his hat again, he held it before his face, and, turning away, murmured into it an inaudible prayer.

The two young men looked at each other, and Mrs. Dill could not forbear to glance at them. She was ashamed of her husband and for him, and yet ashamed of herself for being ashamed.

One of the young men was very tall and dark; he leaned on one of the cart-wheels and smiled, while he looked at the man praying. The other young man was small and fair; he sat on the shaft, and remained perfectly grave; he had a little mouth, which he slightly screwed up with an air of observant intelligence, that made him look especially foolish.

When a baby looks thus at a candle, we think the little face has an air of wisdom; but if a young man looks thus at an ordinary hay-cart, we are sure he must be an ass.

Uzziah Dill now turned round, and, after another tremendous clap of thunder, produced a bundle of leaflets, and was just about to make a civil offer of some to the gentlemen, when the tall young man — Lord Robert, in fact — burst into a good-natured laugh. "Why, Peep," he exclaimed, "this is out of the frying-pan into the fire! Put them up, my good man — put them up. This gentleman's pockets," indicating his companion, "are full of them already. They are temperance leaflets, I see."

Uzziah Dill, finding his incipient temperance lecture taken out of his mouth, looked foolish for a moment; but when little Peep said kindly, "Ye-es, I am much interested in the temperance cause," his countenance glowed with joy.

"Indeed, sir," he said respectfully. "Then, sir, I make bold to wish you God-speed with it. I'm only a poor cobbler," he continued, after giving little Peep an unreasonable time to reply in, if he had been so minded, "but I count it a great honor to be able to help such a blessed cause, if it's ever so little."

"Ye-es," said little Peep, and slowly added, taking time to cogitate between every two or three words, "I wish — there was no — strong drink."

Thereupon Lord Bob, taking no notice at all of the cobbler, gave little Peep a dig in the ribs. "No strong drink? You are a pretty fellow," he exclaimed. "Call yourself a Briton, and talk of getting into Parliament, and yet cry out, 'No strong drink!' How's the government to go on



without the revenue from it? Where will you get the money to pay your soldiers and sailors with?"

"I don't—know," said little Peep, looking as much perplexed as if he felt seriously concerned to produce the wherewithal then and there.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

How could there be a better opening for a palaver? It was pouring now with steady rain. Little Peep, seated on the shaft, looked much perplexed; Uziah Dill sat on the shabby carpet-bag that held his tools; and Lord Bob, facing them both, leaned on the wheel of the cart, and, being very tall, looked right over it into little Peep's eyes. "There's patriotism!" he exclaimed. "Do you want the country to go to wrack? Don't you know, and don't you too, cobbler—I beg your pardon——"

"No offence, sir; that's my trade," Uziah broke in. "Pray go on, sir."

"Well, don't you know, then, that our soldiers and sailors are almost entirely paid out of the revenue that comes from the excise duties?"

"Well, sir," Uziah presently said, after giving little Peep time to reply, if he chose, "if I am to answer, I'll say that drink costs the country very nigh as much as it pays it. Look at all our criminal courts, what they cost—our judges, our prisons, with all their officers and servants, and the chaplains, and the feeding of the prisoners, and their clothes. Then look at our police force—their wages, and clothes, and all the rest of it, sir. And then consider that, nineteen-twentieths of all the crime being caused by drink, that proportion of the expense would be saved if we were sober."

Even little Peep was startled here. "Ye-es," he said, with what for him was wonderful promptitude; "but nineteen-twentieths is such—a—a such a jolly lot to write off."

"Off the crimes, sir, did you mean, or the money?"

"Why, it's the money we want, *and are trying—to scrape together.*"

"Well, sir," cried the cobbler, "I'm sure I'm willing to meet you half-way. We'll say nine-tenths of the expense is saved; we have nineteen-twentieths less crime, and the country saves nine-tenths of the expense, which you have towards the army and navy."

"That's fair," said little Peep.

"And my nineteen-twentieths, sir, includes not only the convictions for crimes done when a man is in drink, but those

committed by habitual drunkards, even though they be then sober; men, in short, that have got their wills made weak by drink, and their consciences clouded."

"You have got up the subject, cobbler, I see," observed Lord Robert.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, but granting all you say (for the sake of argument, merely), the sum saved would not half pay."

"I was afraid it wouldn't," said little Peep, screwing up his mouth and shaking his head.

"No, sir; but then, if we had no drunkards, we should have hardly any paupers. Only think what they cost the country. We should save a sight of money there."

"You take a good deal for granted."

"But not too much, sir. I take for granted that, thank God, people have their feelings. There are thousands of poor old folks in the workhouses that have children who'd scorn to leave them there, but that they're almost beggars themselves, along with their families, because they are such slaves to the drink. There are thousands upon thousands of children there as well, because they've lost father, and often mother too, through the drink."

Little Peep here began to look a trifle happier. He glanced at Lord Robert, as if the matter was in his hands, and on his fiat depended the payment of her Majesty's forces. He was in the habit of taking things very much to heart; besides, he had a nasty cough. He must not leave the cow-shed, therefore, while it rained, and while he stayed he would, of course, talk to the cobbler. For these reasons, therefore, and not because he cared about the matter in hand, Lord Bob gave himself an air of conviction, and looked cheerful.

"Come," he said, "I think we're getting on. Besides, you may remember that, with all our sobriety, we shall still derive some revenue—suppose we say one-twentieth—from the excise on strong drink. You can add that."

"And what about the duties on tobacco? Many people sa-ay you're not to smoke," said little Peep.

"It can only be the most hardened villains who say that. Drinking and smoking have nothing really to do with one another. In fact, some of the most sober nations smoke most," replied Lord Robert, laughing.

"My doctor always tells me to smoke—in moderation," said little Peep.

"And if you drink toast and water with your pipe, or drink nothing at all, sir, where is the harm of it?" said Uziah.



"Anyhow," he continued, in a burst of generosity, "I should wish the government to keep that branch of the revenue. *We* have no call to interfere with it; for ours is the temperance cause, and nothing else."

"Then, if I'm to have all that," said little Peep, cogitating, "won't it be almost enough? or shall we all have to be taxed much more than — than we are now, you know?"

"Even if we are, sir, think how much richer we shall be. We shall hardly feel it. We shall be richer by nineteen-twentieths of all those millions that we are now paying for drink, and by what we earn in regular wages, and by most of the paupers being at home with their parents and with their children. Some taxes will be taken off, and others will be put on."

"And so you think we shall do?"

"I pray God for a chance of trying, sir."

"So do I," answered little Peep.

"I take my leave of you, gentlemen," then said the cobbler. "And if you'll put up your umbrella, my dear, it's about time we stepped over to the station."

Mrs. Dill rose, and to her great shame, saw each of the gentlemen drop money into Uzziah's hand, and saw him receive it, and put it in his pocket. They knew him better than she did, it appeared.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "To give this to me is about the same thing as to give it to the cause; for I live for the cause, in my humble way."

He had not gone many yards, following closely on his wife's heels, when Lord Bob came striding after him. "I say, cobbler," he cried, "you're no fool — I can see that."

"You're very good, sir," answered Uzziah. "Such headpiece as I have is not fuddled with drink, anyhow. I am a sober man now, through the goodness of the Lord."

"Well, look here, there was a little flaw in those fine calculations of yours, which I did not wish my poor friend to see. You make out that, if all the people became sober, they would save — how many millions a year is it? Well, I forget; but suppose it saved, whose pockets is it in?"

"Why, in the people's pockets, sir."

"Exactly so, and not in the pocket of the government. How do you propose to conjure it there?"

Now, Lord Bob, being very tall, and the rain pouring down, dropped a good deal from the brim of his hat and splashed on Uzziah's nose as he looked up to answer.

"It seems to me, sir," he said, both men walking on at a smart pace, "that there may be a flaw in *your* calculations. When God puts it into the minds of a good many people that a certain thing they've been in the habit of doing — as I may say with a clear conscience — is a wrong thing to do, that is a kind of prophecy that the thing, sooner or later, is going to be done away with by them; just as the slave-trade was, you know, sir, and then slavery. We that think about it have got, so to speak, such a prophecy, and that you should not leave out of your calculation. This great drink traffic is certain sure going to be done away with; we don't know when, and we don't know how."

"Going to be given up!" exclaimed Lord Robert, laughing.

"Yes, sir. There has been a great deal of talk this forty years about what a sad thing it was to drink, but not half enough about what a sad thing it was to distil the drink, and sell out the drink. A vast many folks have found out this lately. I heard a gentleman lecture on it only yesterday. His name was Mr. Amias de Berenger."

Lord Robert heard this name with great amusement; but it did not suit him to let the cobbler know that he was intimate with Mr. Amias de Berenger. He smiled. "And so this Mr. de Berenger and you temperance folks generally have got a kind of supernatural instinct in you (which you call a prophecy), and it tells you that every man concerned in the liquor traffic is going to be ruined?" Then, after a short pause, his native gentlemanhood coming to his aid, he added, "And all the drunkards reclaimed, while at the same time we may leave Providence to look after the revenue?"

"I don't exactly know about that, sir," answered Uzziah, who felt himself rather at fault there.

"It seems to me that Parliament will have enough to do," continued Lord Robert, half bantering him. "It has first to stop the liquor traffic; secondly, to compensate the whole body of publicans; and, thirdly, to find money for the payment of the forces."

"Well, sir, Parliament had enough to do — and did it — when it had to make folks believe that slavery was not to be borne with, and then to compensate the slave-owners. But the world has got on since that, and it may be through that. And how do you know that the heads of the liquor traffic will not be the first to show how this thing is to be done?"

"I am no prophet, cobbler; but I think I know better than that."

"Well, sir, and I am no prophet; but if you are sure Parliament will pass no bills to stop the traffic, and no other way can be thought of, why, we have no call to consider how the forces are to be paid. But I have noticed," continued the cobbler, "a strange way there is with people, as if they thought human creatures, when they were added together, were not as good as every one of the same lot is when he stands by himself. Now, why are you and five hundred other gentlemen not to be willing to do what you yourself are willing to do, sir, for your fellow-creatures?"

Then, as Lord Robert strode beside the limping cobbler, he fell into a short cogitation, keeping an amused expression of surprise on his pleasant face, and not in the least attending to Uziah Dill, who was carefully attempting to explain that, in using the word "good," he did not impute to men any works that had merit in themselves.

Lord Robert heard not a single word of this theological dissertation, but the cobbler was gratified by his silence, and surprised when he suddenly exclaimed, "How do you know that I myself am willing to do anything at all for the benefit of my fellow-creatures? Better ascertain that before you talk of the other five hundred."

"I leave it entirely to you, sir," said Uziah, with a smile. "You know best; but I am not afraid."

"And you stick to it, that this thing is going to be done?"

"Oh yes, sir. I believe every man will soon have a good chance of being sober; that everything will soon be in favor of his keeping sober, instead of in favor of his getting drunk."

"In spite of the immense interests that stand in the way, and in spite of the determination of the people to have drink?"

"Yes, sir; but how it's to be done I know nothing about. It seems most likely that God will put it into the hearts of the people more and more to band together, to encourage one another, and help one another themselves to give drink up."

"Well, cobbler, I must go, and I will say this —"

"Sir?"

"You are the most downright, thorough-going, unreasonable, incorrigible fanatic I ever met with!"

So saying, and with a good-natured laugh, and another half-crown, Lord Robert strode back to the cow-shed as fast as

his long legs would carry him. "Well," he said, arguing with himself as he went on, and smiling furtively, "of course there must be a grain of sense in the schemes and dreams of every fanatic, or how could his fanaticism spread? Does this, or does it not, seem more utopian than the putting away of slavery did in its day? Should I, or should I not, have thought the man such a fool if I had met with him before I was engaged to (well, she's a sweet creature, and I am a lucky dog) — engaged to Fanny? I shall have her fortune down; therefore, cobbler, you are right. I have a great willingness in my mind to do something for my fellow-creatures, if I can without inconvenience. No! Come! I am hard upon myself. I cancel those last words. The brewer's sweet little daughter deserves something more of me, considering the pains she takes to make a better fellow of me. Yes, he promised me her fortune down. What a philanthropic old boy he is! — his hand always in his pocket to help the poor. How would it look if, the next time he gave Fanny a good round sum for charity, I got her to spend it in erecting a temperance hall right in front of his distillery gates? Well, not filial, I'm afraid. What fun we had, De Berenger and I, a few years ago, with those ridiculous temperance lectures! We never did the slightest good that I know of, but we taught ourselves to speak by means of them. They were all on the other tack. What a fool, and what a madman, and what a sinner the drunkard was! and no hint that anybody else was at all to blame. And so drunkenness is going to be done away with, is it, cobbler? Time will show, but not my time, I think. Well, Peep, old fellow, how are you getting on?"

Little Peep replied that he had coughed a good deal, but that it had refreshed him to think of his talk with the cobbler.

"Ah, yes! you temperance fellows all talk of 'the cause,' as if it was the only cause worth living for. What a fool that cobbler is!"

Little Peep here repeated a text to the effect that God made use of the foolish wherewith to confound the wise.

"Yes, when you take to quoting Scripture, I'm always stumped," said Lord Robert. "It's my belief that every temperance man you meet with you write his name in your note-book, and say a prayer for him at night when you go to bed."

Lord Robert did not intend to be profane, but he felt that he had described something ridiculous — suitable for little Peep, but not for a manly character.

"Ye-es," said little Peep, with that pathetic air of wisdom which looked so foolish, "I always pray for them. I think we all pray for one another, and that's why —"

"Why, what?"

"Why we are getting on — so fast."

"Oh!"

"But I say, Bob?"

"Well? However, I know what you mean, so you need not say it."

"What do I mean?"

"Why, that, considering what a promising young fellow I was, a temperance lecturer, and all that sort of thing, it is odd that I should be turning out no better than my neighbors, and almost wicked enough to make fun of 'the cause.' But what is at the bottom of nineteen-twentieths of all the crime in the country, Peep — mine as well as other men's? You ought to know." Here he imitated the countryfied twang of the cobbler. "It's all the drink, sir — the drink as has done it."

"The drink, Bob? You're joking."

"Not at all. The drink is going to pay my debts, and give me a large fortune, with a pretty wife. Therefore, as Hamlet said, 'I can't make you a sound answer; my wit's diseased' — so I say, I can't cant any more against the drink; my tongue's tied."

"It wasn't cant, Bob."

"No; but look here, Peep. I don't want you to think me any worse than I am. De Berenger took up the subject in good earnest. I helped him for fun. It never was one that I should have chosen of my own accord. Long before I met with Fanny I gave up lecturing."

"Ye-es," said little Peep; "and you and De Berenger gave me a lot of the lectures. I got" — here he considered a moment — "I got four hundred pledges — in all."

"Then you've done all that more for the world than I have done. I never got any."

"I liked lecturing."

"Yes, you good little fool," thought Lord Robert. "With what joy and pride you stood forth with another man's lecture before you! How you got them up beforehand, with that Scotch minister to coach you!"

"I often think — I shall never lecture — any more, Bob." He looked inquiringly at Lord Robert as he spoke.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed Lord Robert, in reply. "What do you mean, man? You'll be all right when that cough of yours gets well;" then, knowing that it

was unfeeling to make light of what was so serious, he added, "We shall be in town in a week or so, and then you can have more advice about it."

"And it's such a little cough," said the poor young fellow. "But sometimes I feel so weak, Bob, I don't know what to do. I feel — almost as if I was going — to cry."

"Why, there's my brother, in his dog-cart," exclaimed Lord Robert, suddenly turning his back and speaking hurriedly. "Look! he's coming through the lodge gates; I'll meet him. He'll take you up; he can easily drive over the clover, and it has done raining."

"Poor Peep!" was his comment on the conversation as he strode on. "I like that fellow, and felt almost, when he said that, as if I could have cried too."

Some hours after that time there was great surprise and much regret, as well as discomfort, in Hannah Dill's late home, for the three Mr. de Berengers, with their aunt Sarah, and also Amabel and Delia, drove up, luggage and all, in two frys, and the door was opened to them by Jolliffe, who informed them that Mrs. Snaith had not returned home at the appointed time, but that a telegram had been received from her. "And what it means, sir, and what Mrs. Snaith can be thinking of to act so by you, and when there's so much extra work too, I, that know her so well, can no more tell," said Mrs. Jolliffe, "than I can fly. The telegram is on your study table, sir."

Thither the party proceeded.

The telegram was dated from some little junction that none of the party had ever heard of. Mrs. Dill had found opportunity to send it off while Uziah bought the food which had been eaten under the cowshed. After the due direction, to "Mrs. Jolliffe, at the Rev. Felix de Berenger's," etc., it ran as follows: —

"DEAR FRIEND,

"I am that hurried that you must excuse mistakes. I could not come home last night. I never do expect to see you again, nor get back to my place. Give my dear love to the precious young ladies."

"She must have paid two shillings for this," exclaimed Sarah.

Tears were rolling down Amabel's cheeks. "Mamsey gone — mamsey," she almost whispered. "Shall I never see mamsey any more?"

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Delia, indignantly. "She never would be so unkind." Then Delia began to sob and cry,

and came to kiss Felix and lean on his shoulder, and beg him to say he was sure that mamsey would soon come back again.

"My dears, my dear girls!" cried Sarah. "Mrs. Snaith was certainly a most kind and attentive nurse to you; but really, to cry about her suddenly leaving you, is too much. Perhaps —"

"Well, what, 'perhaps,' Cousin Sarah?" sobbed Delia. "Do you mean, perhaps she'll come back again?"

Dick all this time was devoured with jealousy, and Amias wished devoutly that Amabel would come and lean so on his shoulder.

"And I was cross to her the day before yesterday," sobbed the repentant Delia. "I said she hadn't ironed my flounce nicely. Oh, coz, do say you're sure she's coming back again!"

Here Amabel melted into tears anew, and both the girls, as by one impulse, darted out of the study and rushed upstairs to their own bedroom to cry together.

Poor, bereaved mother! Those were the only tears her children ever shed for her, and she never knew even of those.

Amabel and Delia came down to supper looking so sad, that the subject of Mrs. Snaith's sudden withdrawal was avoided as by one consent; but whether Sarah could have refrained from it if she had not already exhausted her vocabulary of blame on the poor absentee, may well be doubted.

"Yes!" she exclaimed, as the two poor children, clinging together, went away the moment they had finished their meal. "Yes, this ought to show you, Amias, how wrong it is to excite the feeling of the lower classes about temperance, or any other of your modern inventions."

Amias looked amazed, and Sarah, finding herself in possession of the house, continued, —

"Yes, the girls told me when they came home that the speech Amias made agitated Mrs. Snaith to that degree, that she actually fainted — fainted dead away — and before they could get her to revive, she moaned most distressingly. And there was a horrid little lame man, all the time she was insensible, who told the most terrible anecdotes about drunken men killing their wives. Delia says he quite frightened her, and she was thankful when Mrs. Snaith was able to rise and come away. So now Felix has lost a most excellent domestic; and very likely she has gone off, under a mistaken impression that it's her

duty to turn temperance lecturer herself, as those American women did."

"It's not in her," said Felix; "she is not that kind of woman."

But Sarah was not to be repressed. "There is nothing so unlike themselves," she continued, "that people will not do it under a fanatical impulse. I myself felt strongly inclined to lay my pearl necklace in the plate once, when that bishop (you know his name, Felix; I forget it) — that bishop preached about money for the Indian famine."

"But you didn't do it, aunt, did you?" asked Dick.

"No. Now, Dick, I have several times pointed out to you that you should never have jokes and laugh at them apart, in the presence of others. Yes; you looked at Amias in such a way just now, that, if it had not chanced that I was talking on a serious subject, I should certainly have thought you had some joke about me."

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From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### THE MIRABEAUS.\*

ANOTHER book out of the apparently inexhaustible stores of French memoirs and materials for history lies before us, and one of the best that has appeared for a good while. The anonymous preface which precedes the work — the author himself having been recently snatched away by an untimely death — informs us that it was the result of twenty years' research and study on the part of the lamented M. de Loménie. It is not always that such protracted effort is rewarded by corresponding excellence in the result. Not only has a writer often time to spoil good work in such long elaboration, but such tardiness is apt to imply a certain want of grasp and vigor of mind, a disposition to dwell on trifles, an industry wasted in small things which are by nature incompatible with the higher achievements of authorship. Such an inference would be most erroneous in the present case. M. de Loménie's work is not more distinguished by painstaking industry and accuracy, than by the attractive gifts and graces which go to form a really able writer. In the biographical portion of his work M. de Loménie shows himself a master of narrative, telling his story not only with spirit and effect, but with much insight

\* *Les Mirabeau. Nouvelles Etudes sur la Société Française au 18<sup>me</sup> Siècle.* Par Louis de Loménie. Paris: Dentu.

into character and fine moral discrimination. In the speculative portion he discusses economical and political questions with insight and real weight; while all through the book is diffused an impression of candor, a warm zeal for truth, a conscientious and sober spirit which shrinks from one-sided statements and hasty conclusions. It is impossible in reading the book not to feel a confidence in, and regard for, the writer. When he delivers a judgment, we may feel satisfied that he has good reasons to support it, and the calm and measured tone in which his opinions are expressed renders them all the more acceptable to thoughtful readers. But it would be a mistake to suppose that this wise moderation is purchased at any cost of animation and directness of remark. M. de Loménie is far removed from *viewiness*. His chaste and well-bred style is such as one might expect (though one does not always get it) from a member of the French Academy. The book is a credit to the author and his country; and its exceptional merit increases the regret that its assured fame will never gladden the heart of the sincere student who toiled over it so long.

The two volumes now published are only a portion of the work planned by M. de Loménie. We are promised two more volumes which will be devoted exclusively to the life of Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, the famous orator and leader of the popular party at the commencement of the Revolution. The volumes now before us deal with his ancestors and family generally—with the "Riquetti kindred" about whom Mr. Carlyle discoursed with such humorous force and gusto more than forty years ago. Mr. Carlyle's striking article was avowedly founded on the "Memoirs" published by M. Lucas de Montigny, the well-known "*fils adoptif*." One of the objects of M. de Loménie's book is to supplement and correct the numerous deficiencies and even inaccuracies of those "Memoirs," into which the filial zeal of their author had perhaps excusably led him. For instance the high antiquity and nobility of the Mirabeau family, on which so much stress has been laid, turn out to be an illusion assisted by no little fabrication. The great demagogue of the Revolution was not only proud of his pedigree, but careless of truth when he spoke of its purity and distinction. "There has never been but one *mésalliance* in our family, and that was with the Medicis." This stalwart piece of boasting the orator ascribes to his father; but there is reason to

suppose it is all his own. The fact really is that the Mirabeaus emerge visibly in history for the first time with any clearness only towards the end of the sixteenth century, and then not as ancient nobles, but as merchants of Marseilles. The pretended Italian extraction also of the Riquettis, originally Arrighetti of Florence, "cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel such as were common then and there in the year 1267" (Carlyle), is now as good as proven to be a not very creditable myth, constructed by the Mirabeaus and their pedigree-makers in the seventeenth century. The very name of Riquetti is comparatively modern. As late as the year 1570, when they bought the castle and estate of Mirabeau, they figure in official documents as *Riquet*, a name of vulgar prevalence in Provence, and a familiar diminutive of Henry. The question is unimportant enough. Such a remarkable family as the Mirabeaus can easily dispense with the adventitious ornament of exalted lineage, even if it were genuine, as in this case it is not. But M. de Loménie was quite justified in devoting so much time and trouble to the destruction of a baseless legend, which has given occasion to much weak moralizing on the ancestry of great men.

In these volumes we have portraits more or less complete of six persons, either Mirabeaus or connected with the Mirabeaus by marriage, four men and two women: (1) Jean Antoine, the famous *col d'argent*, his three sons; (2) the Marquis of Mirabeau, the Friend of Man; (3) the Bailli; (4) Louis Alexander; (5) Françoise de Castellane, the mother of the marquis; (6) Marie-Geneviève de Vassan, mother of the orator, all in their way noteworthy people, and two at least of striking originality. In the ample materials at his command (he had the whole of the rich collection of Mirabeau papers in the possession of the late M. Lucas de Montigny confided to him), M. de Loménie has found abundant means to give us a gallery of full-length portraits evidently lifelike and veracious. In such degree and form as our space allows, we shall attempt to reproduce an outline of some of these family pictures.

It seems to be generally assumed that the interest attaching to the Mirabeau family is derived from the famous tribune, who terminated his short and rather scandalous career in a dazzling blaze of glory and public lamentation in 1791. In him the "wild blood" of the Riquettis is supposed to have culminated in a final explosion of originality and genius. He is emphati-



cally *the* Mirabeau. His ancestors collateral and direct are only interesting as they lead up to him. Unless I am much mistaken, this current opinion will be considerably reversed by these volumes. The world is doubtless already prepared to concede a high place to the old marquis, the "crabbed friend of man," whose "nodosity" and "unwedgeableness" have been sung by Mr. Carlyle in characteristic fashion. But his brother the bailli, and his father Jean Antoine, are even more striking and fascinating figures, with a fund of modified force and self-contained nobility of nature, to which the more popular and famous members of the family can lay no pretension. M. de Loménie is clearly right in claiming for the bailli the pre-eminence over all his kindred, as "the finest moral product that ever came out of that impetuous race." A finer nature than that of the bailli's, lofty, disinterested, strong and simple, yet full of native flavor, would not easily be found in biography; a really good man who only lacked opportunity to be a great one, as we shall show presently. But his and the marquis's father, Jean Antoine, is hardly inferior, though in a somewhat different order of gifts. Mr. Carlyle with his quick eye for character has already marked him: "Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for." He has hitherto been known by a life of him, supposed to be written by his famous grandson, the orator, which M. de Loménie now discovers to be a diluted and emasculated transcript of a much fuller and richer original by his son, the marquis. Those who prefer the picturesque and nervous prose of the elder Mirabeau to the smooth and clear but comparatively tame style of his son, will regret that M. de Loménie has not seen fit to publish this interesting piece *in extenso*.

As regards the subject of the memoir, the famous *Silverstock* himself, it is difficult to feel that he is quite an historical character. There is a suspicious flavor of legend in the accounts we have of him. He is killed, or as good as killed, at the battle of Cassano; he receives twenty-seven wounds in one hour; he has his jugular vein cut in two, and yet he gets quite well again. He treats everybody, from the king downwards, with a rough independence of speech which, under Louis XIV., is a moral phenomenon nearly as marvellous as his surviving mortal wounds is a physical one. It now appears that his biographer, the marquis, knew little of his father personally, that he left home as a child, and only returned to it twice on

short visits; and that his narrative was chiefly founded on the reports and anecdotes current in the army and the provincial society in which his father had moved. Still there is such dramatic propriety about the character, though odd and eccentric it is so conceivable and lifelike, that we cannot doubt that there was a large basis of fact on which the narrative rested. It is a pity that we have not more authentic records of such a fearless, upright, noble-hearted man, who in many ways presents a finer type of character than any of the Mirabeaus, his son the bailli alone excepted. All his high-handed ways and choleric speeches, for instance, appear of little moment compared to his magnanimous conduct on the collapse of Law's Mississippi Scheme. An *ordonnance* of monstrous iniquity had been issued, making the worthless paper of the bankrupt scheme legal tender for the payment of debts. The brave *Silverstock* sternly refused to avail himself of such a means of saving the large sum of a hundred thousand crowns which his brother-in-law had invested for him without his authority in Mississippi stock. He would not part with his now valueless coupons. "Somebody at last," he said, "will have to pay in hard cash, and I should be the original cause of his loss." He was getting old, he had a rising family, and it was all his savings which thus disappeared. M. de Loménie is disposed to doubt, as it seems to us with good reason, the rude and ungracious speech he is said to have made to Louis XIV. when introduced by the Duc de Vendôme with words of strong eulogy on his services. "Yes, sire," replied Mirabeau, according to the story, "and if, leaving active service, I had come up to the court and bribed some *catin*, I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day." "I ought to have known you better," said Vendôme afterwards. "For the future I will present you to the enemy, and never to the king." M. de Loménie questions this anecdote on the ground that the marquis says that his father always had a great veneration for Louis XIV., and that such a speech does not seem compatible even with common respect, which is very true. But we think that a stronger argument against its authenticity may be found in the fact that the reign of *catins* at Versailles had long been over when *Silverstock* Mirabeau was presented there covered with wounds. It was over even before he entered the army in 1684. Under the semi-monastic rule of the austere Maintenon and the converted Louis, such



expressions would not only have been insolent but absurdly out of place. There is less reason to doubt the characteristic story of his behavior to one of Louvois's army inspectors, who insisted on reporting him *absent* from a review when he was only a little late on the ground. The major of the regiment urged extenuating circumstances for his junior, but the inspector was inflexible. "Monsieur," said Mirabeau, "I am then truly absent in your opinion?" "Yes, Monsieur." "In that case, this no doubt passes in my absence;" and immediately rains a shower of cuts with his riding-whip on the inspector, leaving him in some difficulty of reconciling fact and theory.

M. de Loménie quotes several details from the marquis's account of his father, which are omitted in the weaker version made by his son the orator. This rather touching narrative of the last days of the old soldier is omitted by his grandson:—

My furlough [says the marquis] was on the point of expiring, and though I could have obtained further leave, he insisted on my departure, and I was thus prevented from doing my duty by him up to the last. But I did not think he was nearly so ill as he was. He soon began to refuse nourishment, and replied always to all entreaties to that effect: "All my life long, when I have said no, it has meant no." In other respects his latter end was passed in great calm and serenity, chatting and even laughing with his confessor, a devout and gentle priest, whom he loved much.

Referring to an early stage of his decline, the marquis says:—

A certain select company assembled pretty regularly in his house to pass the evenings with him, and these parties were really a high school of honor, eloquence, dignity, and historical reminiscences. He was not gifted with the happy genius that excels in calling forth the qualities of others, which is as precious as it is rare. His taste would have inclined to a noble and well-seasoned humor, but as that sort of wit easily becomes bitter, an excess to which his family was prone, his principles kept him from it. For the rest, his health was latterly so precarious that he could not trust himself in a facetious vein, and he preferred discourse which was grave and noble, in which no grace of diction or warmth of eloquence was wanting. Moreover, excepting his sight, which was so diminished that he could scarce find his way about, although no defect appeared in his eyes, he lived up to the end complete in all his faculties; his visage was not changed; his apparel which on another would have seemed common, was sumptuous on him. No man ever had a finer presence, or affected it less. He was so nice in the matter of cleanliness, that even in the country and alone on

coming in from a walk he always changed his wig before entering the apartment. Why attempt to paint a man, except with the object of giving a lifelike picture? The smallest traits are important in a fine subject.

It is like passing from the twilight of legend to the broad daylight of historical fact, to turn from Mirabeau of the silver collar to the bailli, his second son. From the abundant letters of his which are still preserved (something like two thousand in number, out of which M. de Loménie makes copious extracts) it is possible to obtain a direct glimpse of a truly human face, as comely and tender as it is strong and honest. The bailli had talents and knowledge, especially the great talent of ruling men and winning their love at the same time, and extraordinary knowledge, considering the hard and roving sea-life he led during his best years. But his distinction lies in the union of these masculine qualities with a more than womanly sweetness and gentleness of nature, a lofty probity which seems never to give a thought to self-interest, and a delicacy of moral sense quite admirable. M. de Loménie compares him to Molière's Misanthrope, and says he was an Alceste of real life, which seems to us to be hardly doing him justice. He was a chivalrous, heroic, modest man, of sterling worth and warmest affections, free from greedy appetite of every kind, free of vanity, of ambition (a little too free of the last), and regardless of everything but his duty and his own austere sense of rectitude. He was besides a most voluminous writer, though he published nothing. M. de Loménie fills more than half a page with the mere titles of the memoirs and observations which he addressed to official persons on all kinds of subjects relating to public affairs, especially those which concerned his own branch of them, the naval service. More characteristic still is his private correspondence with his brother, the marquis, who shares with him the honor, that it reflects on both.

Among the four thousand letters they exchanged [says M. de Loménie] there are hardly ten in which, in spite very often of the most urgent personal matters, we do not meet with long discussions of general questions fitted to interest superior minds. Every moment the two correspondents drop their private affairs, to enlarge on religion, politics, the government, the finances, history, the problem of good and evil, progress, liberty, aristocracy, democracy, the state of society, the dangers which threaten it, the reforms which might save it, the question whether it can be saved,

the future in store. Then dissertations, often warm and eloquent, frequently fill ten or twelve folio pages (vol. i., p. 188).

M. de Loménie remarks, and his quotations abundantly prove the assertion, that the bailli had, equally with his brother, the odd, picturesque, yet powerful style which excited Mr. Carlyle's admiration; but he thinks that the bailli, who never wrote with a view to publication, has the advantage — he is less stilted and pedantic. In any case it must be confessed that we have here a very interesting and rare type of man, a man whose width of culture even a Goethe might envy. First, the hard training of a sea-life, then the governorship of Guadaloupe, later the command of the Coast Guard during the Seven Years' War; and through all this active career, a literary taste which had familiarized him with the best French and Latin authors, and a speculative turn which leads him to discuss, and shows him to have had settled and well-grounded opinions on all sorts of topics — political, financial, historical — often not at all connected with his profession. Here was a man leading a life similar to that of our Hawkes and Boscawens, and possibly as a professional sea-king he was not their equal, though even this is by no means certain, as he was never intrusted with the command of a great fleet in which he might have shown his capacity as an admiral; but for culture and humanity, they cannot suffer a comparison with him. A man of highest courtesy and noblest presence, a scholar and a gentleman in the fullest sense of the words, and a brave mariner of the true sea-breed withal, the bailli Mirabeau is a fine specimen of the rich endowment of that old French race which has done so much to mar, but far more to make, our modern civilization.

The bailli's career as a sea captain was laborious, but not distinguished. The fault was none of his. We know what interest was capable of in the old times in the way of bringing a man forward, and giving him a chance of showing his quality, even in the English navy. And the English navy was justice itself compared to the French, in all matters of promotion and readiness to give "the tools to him who could handle them." The brave bailli never was entrusted with more than with the command of sorry little frigates; poor peddling work, such as made Nelson stamp and rage in the early days of his career. Very interesting is it to see him out of health and without a ship, promptly volunteering to take part in the expedition against Minorca, or to post off to Toulon, eager for

service in any form, but only to be refused after all. By dint of importunity, however, he succeeded at the last moment in getting a post, as second in command, on board the "Orpheus," a ship of sixty-four guns. It was one of the vessels most hotly engaged in the battle of Port Mahon, and a letter of the bailli to his brother, the marquis, is of especial interest to us, not only as giving a good picture of a zealous officer, but as showing that in the candid opinion of a perfectly impartial and competent witness, the unfortunate Admiral Byng was not quite up to the mark of sea valor, and that the indignation against him in England was not wholly unjustified: —

ON BOARD THE "ORPHEUS,"  
May 21, 1756.

We had yesterday, dear brother, an engagement of two hours and a half duration, which would have lasted longer if it had pleased the English. Thanks to the Lord, I have come out of it safe and sound. I am the more thankful, inasmuch as during half an hour there was a prodigious storm of grape and cannister. All the officers have escaped like myself, but the men have suffered a good deal. The enemy has suffered even more. They had the advantage of the wind, and it only lay with the English to make it much hotter for us, as our admiral gave them every encouragement. Our vanguard, to which this ship belongs, was the most engaged. But it may with truth be said that the English have very feebly supported before our men-of-war the pride and insolence they have shown before our merchantmen. On the whole it was an even game, and as they had the wind they could have made the affair more serious. I say even, as they had only one line of battle ship more than ourselves (vol. i., p. 225).

The old salt comes out in full flavor in this letter. The good bailli, for all his culture, takes his profession in all seriousness, and is nowise inclined to mince matters with the English. He detests them most cordially, and although he does not reciprocate the crudity of Nelson's maxim, that one "should hate a Frenchman as one does the devil," he quietly says, "I have accustomed myself to regard the English as the enemies of the human race, and especially of France." Yet he has a sort of grudging admiration for us in some respects, and especially approves the constitution of our admiralty, in which old sailors who knew their business directed naval matters. He was for a short time prisoner in England, in 1747, but was not so much impressed as, with his aristocratic tastes, might have been expected. The nobles, he thinks, are too much dependent on the common people. Military virtue is

not sufficiently esteemed, and money too much so, and he shrewdly opines, as early as 1754, that the American colonies will be lost to the mother country in a few years, which was seeing a good twenty years ahead.

But it is during his government of Guadaloupe that the higher nature of the man comes out in its full lustre, his firmness, justice, and mercy, his tenderness for others, his severity to himself, his almost quixotic scorn for gain and even legitimate self-interest. The vice and corruption of colonial society, poisoned as it was by the deadly sin of negro slavery, offered an ample but not a pleasant field for the display of the bailli's austere virtue. Like all worthy to command, he receives the responsibility of ruling men with inward anxiety and humble heart-searching. When he made his official entry into the island, and a great crowd assembled to see and scrutinize the governor, and escort him to the church, where the apostolic prefect harangued him on his duties, he was dismayed. "My prayer to God was to preserve me from injustice, and to give me the firmness to repress it. I prayed fervently, and hope I was heard." In another letter he says: "I am becoming devout, which must seem to you an odd notion. But do not understand the word in its ordinary sense. I have no taste nor talent for mysticism more than usual, but I feel I never prayed to God with fervor before. I do so out of fear of doing harm, and that fear is so strong that I hope sincerely to be preserved from it."

The first thing that strikes and shocks him is the frightful moral degradation of the white population, arising from the influence of slavery. Labor being held in contempt as a badge of servitude, the vilest white man thinks more of himself than a peer of France. Idleness and debauchery fill up the time of the colonists. "To make sugar, to flog niggers, to beget bastards, and to get drunk — these are the occupations of the creoles." Their depravity was such that it blinded them to their own interest, and even French ships refused to come to the island on account of the roguery and bad faith of the inhabitants. Murder was of daily occurrence, and a black man's life was valued no higher than a dog's. Here was an opportunity for a supreme ruler to show his mettle. And the bailli seems to have laid about him with a zeal and sternness which would rejoice Mr. Carlyle. "The rogues, and there are plenty here," he says, "tremble, and honest folks rejoice; the poor know

that justice will be done them without distinction of persons. The door of their governor, they say, is open to them at all hours, and all the colony is aware that not one of my servants would dare to prevent the least and poorest negro from coming to me and telling his story."

It was an addition to the governor's difficulties that he was known to be poor, and that his salary was small. He consequently could keep little or no state, and could not contribute to the festivities of the place. But he would receive no presents, and refused not only all illicit gain, but such perquisites as were considered quite honorable. "No monk of La Trappe ever led a harder life than I do. Dispensing justice from morning to night, writing, signing, working, — such is my existence." He says he knows he will be considered a fool for his pains, and owns that *that* hurts his vanity a little, but reflection will help him to bear it.

Slavery he emphatically condemns, not only on the ground of humanity, about which of course there is no question, but as economically injurious. Thirty-five thousand whites do not produce in fertile Guadaloupe what two thousand would do without slavery. He adds, with prophetic regret, that he deplors the introduction of negroes into Louisiana, and anticipates no good result from the measure. In fact, though the question of emancipation of the slaves never seems to have occurred to him, he has all the sentiments of a thoroughgoing abolitionist, including the customary over-estimate of the qualities of the negro. "I look upon those people as in every respect like ourselves, excepting in color. And I even doubt whether slavery does not make us worse than they are." The justice of the last remark cannot be denied. Legree is many degrees inferior to Uncle Tom, but the brain of the white man is superior to that of the negro nevertheless.

It might be supposed that the bailli had enough on his hands in restraining his white subjects from robbery and murder, and protecting the black population from too gross ill-treatment. But he manages to find time for reading all kinds of books, which he is always beseeching his brother to supply him with, and also to plan a complete code of colonial law, illustrated with notes of his own. He reckons that in six years' time, if health and sight endure, he will know more about the naval policy of France than any one who has yet directed it. This was, however, looking a little too far ahead. For the good bailli had crotch-

ets which made a man ill-fitted for official life in those days. One of his crotchets was not to suffer dishonesty in any one if he could help it, not even in a superior. As might be supposed, the rogues whom he had made to tremble were not without friends in the world, and before long he began to receive hints from his brother that in influential circles at Versailles it was considered that he had "too much zeal." Too much zeal here being interpreted meant too great antipathy to rogues. It was taken especially ill at headquarters that he showed no disposition to be on civil terms with a nameless official of high rank, to whom he was partly subordinate, and who wished much to enjoy his (the bailli's) friendship. The latter replies that he strongly suspects the nameless official of being a rogue; he has yet no proof positive of misconduct, but if he ever meets with any, he declares he will unmask it. The marquis, for all his "nodosity," feels that one must not quarrel with one's bread and butter at this rate, and sends off an appealing letter to implore his brother to be a little more reasonable, a little more politic. "I beseech, you, dear brother, grease your axles a little, or we shall certainly be upset. In God's name don't be so fierce; you will always have *morque* enough not to be a time-server." This is quite enough, as M. de Loménie says, to kindle Alceste into a white heat of scornful indignation. "Do I want to be told that ministers can ruin a man whatever his merit? I do not think so much of my abilities as they do, perhaps, and regard the loss of my fortune and promotion as the easiest thing in the world, and indifferent to the State; but luckily it is indifferent to me also, and I shall return to the position of younger son in Provence without the slightest repining, rather than submit to anything which would cause me inward humiliation." And he was as good as his word; he made a determined enemy of the peculator, as he afterwards proved, and found advancement in the service barred by his influence.

"The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaumont," says Mr. Carlyle, and he had very imperfect materials on which to found this correct judgment, compared with what we have now. Through fifty years of most varied fortunes, through acute differences of opinion, and family quarrels of the most violent nature, these two brothers with their hot tempers and sharp tongues remained linked to each other by a passionate affection which knows no break,

coldness or distrust. They may disagree, they may disapprove each other's conduct, and then each stands to his guns with a valor becoming the sons of old *col d'argent*. But never a trace of bitterness, alienation, or offence, can be spied. Soft, hushed, loving words conclude every remonstrance, every altercation. With a sob of affection, they fall on each other's breasts with peaceful confidence that their love can never fail. Truly, a love passing the love of woman, and between two such stalwart, self-reliant men, very beautiful and touching. They had found indeed the true secret of lasting affection, in complete and utter unselfishness in all their mutual dealings, or rather in the settled practice of each, to think of the other always in preference to himself. The affectionate *tutoiement* cannot be rendered, but even in the cold second person plural, some of their warmth will no doubt appear. "If I had not been your brother," says the bailli, "and had only known you by chance, I should have been your friend. I have more confidence in you than in myself, which is not to say that I am always of your opinion." "I declare to you," says the marquis, "as solemnly as if on the point of death, that since a certain day, somewhat distant now, for then I was stronger than you" (the bailli was much the larger and more powerful man), "when I gave you a good thrashing, not without some good cuffs in return, from that day and all others ever since, I have never had a matter of which I have concealed from you the smallest particle." And to such words the deeds correspond. Questions of money, the most vulgar and common source of quarrel between relatives, between this singular pair give constant occasion for mutual self-sacrifice and endearment. The bailli never would allow his elder brother to pay him his *légitime*, or portion of fifty thousand francs, to which he was entitled under his father's will; it would be a wrong to the family, he says. The younger brother, who certainly has the advantage in this contest of generosity and self-abnegation, pushes his deference to his senior to a degree which would be affected and suspicious in a man of less transparent candor and sincerity. He leaves it entirely to the marquis to decide whether he shall get married or not. "If you judge that it is for the good of the family that I should leave offspring, you will know what to do in reference to a certain young lady." But the good bailli, it must be confessed, had one fault with all his virtues; he was a confirmed misogy-

nist. So perhaps if his elder forbade marriage, he was in no great danger of sacrificing a tender passion on the altar of fraternal devotion. But then it seems he would readily have got married if his brother had wished it. It is no use in fact trying to find spots in the purity of his disinterestedness. After he had commanded ships, and had been governor of a West Indian island, on his return to France he writes to his brother like a lad in his teens: "If you consider that I ought to come to Paris, let me know, and supply me with enough to live upon. If you think it best, I am ready to stay here at Brest, and to live very quietly as regards expense." The marquis cannot bear this, and replies: "As regards what you say about staying down there, tears came to my eyes in thinking of the greatness, simplicity, and goodness of your heart. When you seriously propose to go and hide yourself in a hole in Brittany, I should be sorry not to put on record that I owe you fifteen thousand livres. You must come here as soon as you can, and I only wait for you to clear myself out, and you will find all you need."

Among other things, the younger Mirabeau was a knight of Malta, where he rose to the grade of bailli, the title by which he is generally known. The order of the Knights of Malta, degenerate successors of the Knights of Rhodes, and of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, had become in the eighteenth century a ridiculous and somewhat scandalous anachronism. Recruited among the younger sons of nobles' families in all Europe, it had decayed into a collection of extravagant and licentious revellers, who joined it partly from vanity, but more still in expectation of obtaining one or more of the rich benefices, priories, commanderies, etc., which the order had to give. It was not a company to suit the grave and thoughtful bailli, and for twenty-four years he never went near the place, having seen enough of it and its ways in his youth. He liked hard, useful work, and was never anxious about the pay it might bring him. But his brother who has him in charge with his own consent, as we have seen, has resolved that this knighthood of Malta shall produce something of tangible value to the family; that the bailli by taking the proper steps shall obtain a rich commandery worth many thousand livres a year, that will be a great help to the common finances which are far from prosperous, and threatening to become worse. The proper steps are serious and involve

an enormous outlay in ready money, and the return is uncertain in date if not altogether. They consist in this, that the bailli shall go to Malta and accept the post of general of the galleys, to which his age and rank entitle him, hold the office the usual time of two years, and then put in his claim which can hardly be refused to an ex-general for one of the superior commanderies. The marquis's plan is cut and dried; for him the whole scheme lies in a nutshell. He will find the money, the bailli must go and make his fortune, and there is an end of it. "This is all very fine," the bailli answers; "but supposing I die before getting the commandery, you will lose your money, and the family will be half ruined through me." He implores his brother to think twice before embarking in so venturesome a scheme. He is quite content to live quietly, without regret or impatience, waiting for a commandery which will come in time to him by mere seniority; he does not care much what happens. As a consummate master of *Entsagen*, detachment, indifference to outward goods of every description, the bailli has not his equal. For he differs from the religious quietist, who cares for no sublunary thing, by his zeal as an officer, his ardor for reform, his patriotism, his ceaseless energy. However the marquis will listen to no objections and the bailli goes to Malta, where for two years he will have to spend money like water. As Malta produces nothing, all commodities have to be sent from France. The marquis looks after everything, and despatches the means and materials of a two years' feasting before his brother gets there. "Linen, furniture, clothes, liveries covered with gold, glass, porcelain, wine, liqueurs, not forgetting the cuffs of Valenciennes lace indispensable to a general of galleys, and six silver buckets to cool the bottles, all accompanied with enormous provisions for the table," costing in round number something like one hundred and fifty thousand francs, all to disappear in idle pomp and riotous living, very harmful to everybody concerned.

To such a character as the bailli's, simple, frugal, and detesting show, these two years of revelling at Malta must have been as unpleasant and distasteful as any he ever experienced. To the man of naturally sober and moderate tastes, wasteful extravagance and profusion are perhaps more offensive than parsimony and stinting are to the self-indulgent and luxurious. To be compelled to live with, and con-



stantly entertain, frivolous gormandizers and toppers, must have been, one would think, a trial too heavy to be borne. The bailli bears it with the quiet stoicism he brings to all things. He does not seem to have been wearied to death, as unconsciously he must have been. He expresses no nausea and disgust at the company he has to keep, at the time he has to waste. At his brother's persuasion he has made a venture, and he waits for the result. He is indeed at times terribly anxious lest the money should be spent in vain. But in the mean while he spends his money for a given object, just as a naval officer would spend ammunition to carry a fort. He gives the roisterers more and better wine than they ever had before, and says to them, "As it was only got for you, you shall have it while it lasts." "We do not deserve to have such a general," one of them appreciatingly said. In a word, by his sumptuosities and punctual payments, the bailli acquitted himself in his odd position with his usual exactness to universal satisfaction. Only on one point did he risk nearly complete failure, but it was a point on which he would brook no expostulation. His hatred of rogues nearly wrecked him in Malta as it had done in Gaudaloupe. The grand master Pinto, who was his friend, was also in extreme old age, and his probable, almost certain, successor was the Bailli de Tencin (a near relative of D'Alembert's mother), a man without probity or courage, and altogether offensive to the moral sense. His relations with such a man as the Bailli de Mirabeau might safely be predicted, and they soon become openly hostile. But here was a threatening prospect. If old Pinto died, as in the course of nature he soon must, and Tencin succeeded him, what hope was there for the rich commandery in view of which all this lavish expense had been incurred? None whatever. Still nothing shall make the brave bailli bend the knee to Baal. "If Providence," he says, "puts me like Job on a dunghill, and ruins my family, nothing shall induce me to give my vote to a man whom I consider unworthy."

Though we may be certain that he would have stood the test, he happily was never put to it. Instead of Pinto, Tencin died, and at once liberated several of the richest commanderies of the order. After a little delay one of them was given to the good bailli, who thus secured an income for life of some fifty thousand francs a year.

It was just in time. The Marquis de Mirabeau, with his abortive speculations

and ruinous lawsuits, from easy circumstances had fallen into a condition akin to poverty. Whether the bailli, with his now well-filled purse, was ready to help him need not be said. But it presently strikes him that he (the bailli) may die first, and then what will become of his brother? He soon hits upon an expedient, viz., to make an arrangement with the authorities at Malta, by which on consideration that if he during his life drew only a moiety of his emoluments, the other moiety should devolve on his brother after his own death. An offer so advantageous to the order would certainly have been accepted, but the marquis promptly interposes his *veto*. "As regards mutilating yourself for me, my answer is that I want you to be rich; and by my faith, if I ever lose you, I shall not need anything fifteen days after."

Space fails to say more of this interesting work at present. I have dwelt chiefly on one individual, because he is at once very interesting and little known. But several other characters, whose fortunes are recounted in these pages, are well fitted to attract attention. A third brother, Louis Alexander, whose career was short and not always creditable, was evidently no commonplace man, and full of the Mirabeau fire and originality. The three women who appear in the book, the two Marquises de Mirabeau, and Madame de Pailly, are interesting figures in very opposite ways, especially the last. Most interesting and original of all, the old marquis, "the crabbed friend of man," is well worthy of the elaborate study which M. de Loménie has devoted to him. Not only his life, but his works and their connection with some of the most important lines of speculation in the eighteenth century, are discussed with a quiet fulness and mastery which render this book a very valuable addition to the higher literature on that period. Perhaps on a future occasion we may return to the subject.

JAS. COTTER MORISON.

#### THE GREY.

BY JONAS LIE.

NEAR the Nordfjord is a mountain called Birkberg, on whose slope, almost like pictures on a wall, hang the small buildings of the farm of Strömshagen. Through the ravine below rushes a wild mountain torrent, over which a few unhewn logs serve as a bridge for man and

horse. On the opposite side, farther down, on more level ground, is the Evjenfarm,\* which takes its name from the river that here rests from its mad career in a little bay sheltered by birch-trees.

A short distance from the bridge over the ravine, behind the hill, there was, at the time our story begins, a piece of land overgrown with bushes, which for years had been the cause of dispute between the two farms. The road to it had been barred by Jon Evjen † twenty years before with three hedges, which looked very dry and fragile, it is true, but were recognized by the law as a sign of possession authenticated by years, and the land was given to Evjen.

This lawsuit impoverished the owner of Strömshagen, who dying left the estate, loaded with debt, to his widow and son Gjermund, a lad of twenty-two. He was a sturdy youth, with dark hair, heavy eyebrows, and a full, but clever, intelligent face. His fault was a proneness to sudden fits of anger, and a readiness to assert his rights with his fist, when fair words might have served his purpose. Besides, he was much prouder than he seemed, and in trading often thought that people would hardly have dared take advantage of him, if he had been a rich land-owner.

An air of prosperity pervaded Evjen. The oldest daughter's name was Sigrid; she was tall, fair, remarkably beautiful, and moreover very skilful in household work, with a quiet manner in which was a certain innate dignity. Whenever she spoke, her words were kind and sensible; she had the ruling voice in the family council. Every one said she looked like the heiress of a large estate, and there was no lack of suitors who offered them, but she refused all proposals. Her parents were displeased: either she did not wish to marry at all, or she showed less wisdom in this matter than in other things; but they let her have her will. Yet when one Sunday, on the way home from church, three of the richest peasants, who had vainly asked for Sigrid's hand, walked stiffly and proudly past them, old Jon Evjen could not help saying, "it seemed to him she would reject all her suitors till there was nobody left except that brawler Gjermund Strömshagen, who could scarcely support himself on his farm." At these words Sigrid grew scarlet and left the

room. When she returned, it was evident that she had been weeping. Jon guessed that it was on account of his reproof, and almost regretted it, but said nothing.

Gjermund and Sigrid had often played together as children; they had met sometimes above by the bridge, sometimes below on the level shore of the bay. Their parents, however, had been less intimate, as they were not related, and their summer pastures were far away from each other. The farms, too, were not so near as would probably be supposed at the first glance, for the real bridge over the river was much farther below, at a place where the road from Evjen turned down to the fiord. Only a foot or bridle path led to it from Strömshagen.

The children, however, as has already been mentioned, had often played together. When Sigrid, who was three years younger, appeared under the birches on the shore, Gjermund was soon standing with his fishing-rod on the other side. From a cliff, beneath which the stream was somewhat narrower, he could swing himself by the aid of his pole to the lower side; there he built houses for her and made ponds, till it was time for him to return home across the log bridge. She went with him to that point, but was forbidden to cross. It would be dangerous, her father said, and besides she had nothing to do on the other side.

When the lawsuit came they met more rarely, but always had an eye on each other, even when in course of time they grew up. The Birkberg is so much higher than the Evje alp, that Gjermund could overlook it; in summer he looked like a mere speck on the rocks, but she could distinguish him. Besides Gjermund was an active hunter, and they often met out of doors; then there was always a great deal to be said. On the way to church the opportunity was less favorable, but even then they frequently found means to exchange a few words.

At this time Gjermund had a grey horse, of which he was not a little proud. It was uncommonly well-formed, with a broad chest, slender limbs, and a graceful head, with large eyes, and small, pointed ears. It had been raised on the estate from a foal, was now eight years old, and on account of its color always called "the Grey."

It was always a pleasure to Gjermund when the Grey, escaping from the mountain, neighed at the gate. The animal occasionally made such excursions, to see how matters were progressing at home; it was sure of getting a handful of salt, or

\* *Evje* signifies a stream with a slow current.

† Norwegian peasants bear the same name as their estates. As there are no nobles in Norway, the farmers or owners of estates occupy a much higher social position than in Germany.

some special dainty. It usually trotted to the stable door, accompanied by a barking dog, thrust its head into the familiar place, then wheeled around, tossing its neck so that the fluttering mane fell back from its eyes, cantered around the farmyard snuffing at first one thing and then another, and finally stopped at the door of the house. There it waited quietly to see what would come next; but if the delay was too long, its body gradually disappeared within the little entry, till nothing was visible on the stone flags outside except the hind legs and tail. The people in the house were obliged to drive the Grey out, before they could open the door of the room.

However the rest of the cattle might fare — and in the spring the supply of fodder was often scanty enough, since here, as on many mountain farms, they kept too much stock — the Grey was always fat and in good condition. It was well known, though never mentioned aloud, that the brownie in the stable had chosen the horse for his special favorite. For this reason the Grey always looked into the stable-door first when he came into the farmyard; besides he wore in his mane an elf-braid, which is an unfailing sign. No one ventures to undo this braid, because the animal will then become as thin as it was fat.

The grey had also managed to make good friends at Evjen. When still a colt, roaming about the steep pasture by the river, Sigrid had often tossed bread to it across the stream. Since then, whenever it saw her, it always came neighing down the hill, and with raised head waited to see what was coming. If she then walked down the river bank, it followed along the opposite shore. Once it cautiously crossed the log bridge over the ravine and reached the Evjen farmyard, where Sigrid and her sisters gave it plenty of salt and bread. Although the owners of Ströms-hagen tried to prevent it, the memory of this feast was too tempting to the Grey for it not to find the way there again, in spite of fences.

One summer afternoon, when it was standing in the farmyard, the youngest child crept to the open well and stretched its little arms over the edge. The Grey went up to the child, seized its little skirt with its teeth, and drew it some distance away. Since that time the animal had been privileged. Jon Evjen, though he did not like to have it come, never drove it away; but as soon as the graceful creature had been fed, it trotted quietly home.

One day the log bridge broke down. According to an old custom between the

farms each owner was to repair half; but when Gjermund crossed the stream to discuss the matter, Jon answered curtly he had no use for the bridge, and could not see why Gjermund needed it; if any road between the farms was wanted, there was the land way; the bridge had been built long ago before the other road was made.

Sigrid was standing at the well; she spoke to Gjermund as he passed, but did not come into the room. When he passed her again on his way home (she was now alone somewhat farther down the hill), he looked at her gravely.

"The Grey can't cross the ravine any more, Sigrid, your father wants nothing but the land road."

"That may be the shortest, Gjermund," she answered gently.

"But so many use it now," replied Gjermund bitterly, "I have no large estate to inherit like them."

"I will wait, as you know," she said in a still lower tone, with downcast eyes.

"God bless you for these words, Sigrid, I long to hear them oftener," said Gjermund as he turned.

Both were very pale, and could only exchange a few words in passing, but he took a wild-flower she had held in her hand.

Gjermund had always been greatly annoyed, when people said that in his circumstances he ought to sell the horse, he might perhaps get sixty thalers for it. But now he no longer heeded what they said, and to the surprise of all was as friendly and accessible as in former days. He had made up his mind to sell the animal to some good man, who he knew would take care of it, for he now meant to go out into the world as a horse-trader.

Many a quarrel about pastures and timber had taken place between the inhabitants of the two parishes on opposites sides of the Birkberg, and an old hatred consequently existed. The result of this state of affairs was continual brawls, when they met at market or elsewhere, and on the silent mountain many things had happened which were not fit for the ears of the magistrates. For this reason it was related as almost a miracle, that the rich Oesten Störsat came from the other side to Evjen. His business there could be easily guessed, and also that he had been refused. Everybody in the district rejoiced, but it was rumored in the other parish that Störsat had vowed that he would punish Gjermund Ströms-hagen, who was to blame for it, where he would feel it most. He was a

man who had a great deal of money loaned in the neighborhood, but it was well known nobody in the parish owed him a shilling. So people laughed and wondered what he was going to do; where strength was concerned, he could not compare with Gjermund Strömshagen.

At midsummer the auction to raise money for taxes always took place. This did not mean much, as every one knew, for the magistrate always waited till it was convenient for the people to pay their assessments, but on account of the law all were obliged to go before him. Usually no one came to offer any higher bids, so matters were always left at the disposal of the judge. This year, however, at the first sound of the bell several people rode into the farmyard. It was Oesten Störsat with three companions. They bowed, sat down, and listened to the proceedings. When it came the turn of the grey horse, which was pledged for the last year's taxes, Oesten exclaimed that he would bid eighteen thalers. The magistrate looked at him gravely, and said that such was not the custom here, and besides it was a despicable price.

"He is a poor magistrate who doesn't know the law," replied Oesten sharply, taking out a large purse and throwing a number of bank-notes on the table. "I believe that here as elsewhere the hammer falls at the best bid."

The veins on the judge's forehead swelled with anger, but he was forced to accept the offer.

When Gjermund heard that the Grey had been sold in such a way, and would be claimed in a few days, he was at first fairly beside himself with rage and desire for vengeance, but afterwards became so melancholy that he spent whole hours absorbed in thought, without making the slightest movement.

The day the Grey was to go, when the farewell hour had come, Gjermund went to the horse, patted it, and stood thoughtfully a long time with his arm thrown over its back, not noticing that his mother had come to the door several times and gazed anxiously at him; neither did he see that she went to Evjen in her holiday dress.

On reaching the other side she greeted the occupants of the farmhouse, and said if Sigrid wanted to see the Grey again she must go with her at once; it was already long past noon, and the horse would probably be taken away before supper.

There was something in the manner of the pale-faced woman with the black cap and white ribbon, which made this singu-

lar request seem almost natural to Sigrid's parents; she had certainly always been kind to the children.

After a short delay, during which the elderly visitor was urged to take some biscuits and coffee, Sigrid followed her, bare-headed, but in her Sunday dress, and with white sleeves, which at church are always concealed under a dark jacket.

The shadows were already beginning to lengthen, and the sun was casting a red light upon the Birkberg and glittering on the windows of Strömshagen, when the two walked up the hillside, one figure looking bent and diminutive under her large dark head-dress, the other, who was a little behind, tall and slender with braids of golden hair; but she too moved with drooping head and thoughts that oppressed her mind.

When they reached the farmyard, a third person came towards them, — it was the messenger. Gjermund had put the best bridle on the horse and was already standing with the halter in his hand, ready to deliver it. When he saw Sigrid, he started, and as he spoke to her every tinge of color left his face. The mother invited the messenger into the house to get something to eat; he would need it, she said, to strengthen him for the evil work he had to do, and it was already late in the day.

And now the two were standing alone with the horse. Sigrid put its head on her shoulder, patted its slender neck, and took out some bread and salt she had brought with her; but the Grey, which had neighed softly at her approach, would not eat. The animal understood that something was going to happen. Gjermund stood silently leaning on its back, gazing at her. At last he said in a smothered tone, —

"It looks as if I were to lose not only the Grey, but more, far more, Sigrid."

Then she stretched her hand across the animal's back, clasped his firmly, and gazed into his eyes as if, in spite of everything, she had the most perfect confidence in him — the two heads were of nearly equal height, her fair face was deeply flushed, his dark cheeks were pale.

"I'll try, Sigrid," he replied, answering her thought, "but there is little to be made here."

"You must become a trader, Gjermund, and be prudent — many a worthy man in the parish has begun in that way."

"How did you know I thought of it?"

"I suspected, and — your mother told me."

As the messenger came out at that mo-

ment, they withdrew their hands, and she only had time to whisper: "God will help you, Gjermund — I will wait."

The next morning, in the grey dawn, Gjermund drove a cow and heifer down to the fjord. He sold them to a merchant, filled a knapsack with various wares, and went out into the world as a trader.

One afternoon about seven years after, a man was sitting in a Skydo-Bauern's \* guest-room. He had arrived late the day before from a fair farther in the interior of the country, and spent the night here. The roads were bad for the Skydo-horses. The windows, into which the sun shone brightly, were wide open, and the man, who was clothed like a well-to-do trader, with silver buttons on his vest, seemed very thoughtful. On the table before him stood bread, butter, and cheese, with a bowl of milk, from which he drank, while a mug of beer was still untouched. Now and then he rested his head on his hand and looked out of the window.

The man, who sat so absorbed in thought, was Gjermund. His face now wore quite a different expression of manly vigor, and one might search a long time before recognizing the good, though quick-tempered lad, who had once lived at Strömshagen, and thought only of his betrothed.

During the first two years he had made but slow progress, especially as he was kind-hearted and credulous, and trusted people who cheated him. But afterwards he relied only on himself and trusted no one, and then fared admirably. From peddling he had risen to horse-trading, and of late carried it on on a large scale. He had now sold the last of his stock of horses, and was about to make a bargain for a piece of woodland.

Gjermund had long since sent home money enough to clear Strömshagen of debt. Then he thought it might be well for him to wait till he could buy the two large meadows adjoining his farm. And when he was able to do that, he thought, what would Jon Evjen say if there were a new house and out-buildings at Strömshagen? These buildings gradually grew in his imagination, till they were as high as the magistrate's, and had two stories. He now had a round sum of eighteen thousand thalers, besides Strömshagen, but thought he would buy the neighboring farm of Birkstrand, with the mountain pastures, an estate twice as large as his

own. After a few years he would doubtless be able to do so, if successful in the speculation in woodland, in which he now intended to invest his money.

After the love of money had once taken root in his soul, he constantly thought more and more of what Jon Evjen would say, and less of the daughter. Only during the first few years, when he made little progress, was she always in his thoughts, the sole object of his labors. Since that time he had seen and experienced many things, and now his mind was fixed entirely upon seeing Jon Evjen, who had won the lawsuit, bow low before him, when he returned home, and of course asked for his daughter.

He was now considering whether to proceed along the highroad to bid for the woodland, or continue in his old trade, — dealing in timber was hazardous, people said. Resting his head on his hand, he sat thinking of Birkstrand and Strömshagen, when a horse thrust its head through the window, snuffed at his arm, and touched him. He pushed the animal gently away, but, when the head was put in again with a low whinny, gave it half absently a piece of bread. It was a small, very thin grey horse, with a clipped mane, and as dirty as if it had been rolling in the mire, which covered it like a crust. Its back and sides were bruised by the saddle and harness. Tears fell from the poor creature's eyes, which it is said often happens when a horse is going to be sold, and it acted in a strangely familiar way, as it moved its short tail restlessly and pressed close to the wall.

Gjermund did not know how it happened — he was probably in an excited mood — but he could not help thinking of the Grey, and the day it was taken away from Strömshagen. The Birkberg, with the grey houses and the red Evjen-Hof on the opposite side of the mountain stream, suddenly appeared before his memory as distinctly as if reflected in a mirror. The leaves must now be unfolding on the hillside — he saw his mother sitting at the window with her knitting, and the people moving about their work; he saw old Jon at the Evjen-Hof, and the tall, fair girl, moving quietly about, saying little, but from time to time going to Strömshagen in her Sunday dress with its white sleeves, to see his mother and linger a while in the farm-yard, as on the day when she had looked after the Grey. It was a long time now since he had thought of the Grey — he had owned many horses, and, as has already been said, experienced many things.

\* The *Skydo-Bauern* along the principal roads supply travellers with beds and food.



As he sat dreamily at the sunny window, giving the animal one bit of bread after another, everything grew strangely real. It seemed as if he ought to know the horse's head, with the delicate ears and bright eyes, that was constantly pushed into the window. It seemed as if he could see in bodily form, beside the animal, the tall, fair maiden, who with tears in her eyes, had clasped his hand over the horse's back, and begged him so faithfully to try, — she would wait.

But he now read a different expression in her eyes — he was at first inclined to contradict it with the proofs he had in his money-belt; but her face said so proudly that she had waited for *him*, not his money.

As he sat absorbed in thought, he looked more and more troubled; he must have seen something that confirmed his suspicion, for with a loud cry, "It is the Grey!" he started from his seat, left the room, and went up to the horse.

He stood quietly a moment looking at the poor creature, carefully raised the harness where he saw the bruises, examined the feet and the mouth cut by the bit, walked round and round it, saying: "Yes, it's the Grey." But another thought, to which he gave no utterance, was behind this. He angrily removed the wretched harness patched with ropes, and in the greatest agitation led the animal to the steps where the Skydo-Bauer, Anders Brunsberg, was standing watching him in no little astonishment. On the way, however, the horse-trader again awoke in Gjermund, and he asked carelessly, —

"Will you take twelve thalers for the old thing, Brunsberg? It's not fit to work any longer, and I can still use it on my farm."

"You drove the horse fast enough from the market last night, Gjermund," the boy said."

The words troubled Gjermund, his mind had been filled with thoughts about his business, and he now remembered having driven unreasonably fast in the darkness, and even used the whip mercilessly, when the wheels sank deeper in the mud. He therefore only answered, —

"What will you take?"

Brunsborg began to talk volubly about the Grey's good qualities; he had bought the animal three years ago at auction from a man who was known to have only good horses, it wasn't more than eleven years old. Gjermund, it is true, knew better, for it was now fifteen; but he said nothing to

lower the Grey's value, and when Brunsberg closed by saying that he would not sell him under thirty thalers, Gjermund, to the other's great surprise, paid the money without bargaining.

He now began to wash and clean the animal, devoting several hours to it before he went away, leading the horse by a halter behind him.

Brunsborg often told the story of how he had once got the better of Gjermund Strömshagen in a horse-trade. "The only thing was," he added as if regretting it, "the old Grey was not yet used up."

For some years Jon Evjen had thought more about Strömshagen than he would have confessed; he sometimes visited the widow, and he and his wife often spoke to her at church. Sigrid's parents knew she was waiting for Gjermund, and during the last three years had made no objection, for the rumor that he had become a rich man had reached even his native mountains. They only wondered that he did not return, they had already given away their younger daughters.

At last the state of affairs had changed, and the widow had come to Evjen several times without having her visit returned. This was Sigrid's desire, though she herself crossed the stream as often as usual.

Sigrid had now entered her twenty-sixth year. She was still paler and looked even more slender than in her girlhood, but was no less stately and beautiful; only of late there was still more dignity and self-possession in her quiet manner, and she devoted herself more closely to household affairs. "Some new idea has come into her head," said old Jon. The latter thought one day that he had done wrong to refuse Gjermund his assistance in building the bridge over the ravine, and now — six years afterwards — tried to make amends by saying he would take all the eight logs there himself. Sigrid said, "That is scarcely necessary." Jon gave her a long look, but yielded to her wish.

One evening there was an unusual bustle at Strömshagen. Something must have happened at the farm. Jon wondered about it to his wife, but they said nothing to their daughter. Sigrid was unusually busy that evening, and did not seem to have noticed anything.

Early the next morning Sigrid went down to the river with some clothes. The sun was pouring its golden rays full upon the Birkberg. As she stood on the bank, she heard a neigh on the opposite hillside

and from the shadow of the birches came — she was not mistaken — the Grey, yes, the Grey. It raised its head as in the old days, and stood motionless. She gazed silently at the horse for a time, while her eyes slowly filled with tears. At last she exclaimed, —

"Oh, I thought he had forgotten you too, old Grey!" The next moment she added, in a voice trembling with wounded pride, "But you have been ill treated, I see, and he has cared little about you all this time."

With these words she turned away, leaving the clothes on the river bank; she felt that Gjermund could not be far off. The steel-grey eyes, usually so gentle and beautiful, flashed with the angry pride Gjermund so dreaded. On reaching home, she performed her morning tasks as usual.

Gjermund had arrived the night before, but lacked courage to appear before Sigrid, when his mother had told him how matters stood at Evjen. He had really been on the hillside in the morning, concealed behind the bushes, and seen how Sigrid recognized the Grey. But when he heard her words and saw her go away, he did not venture to approach her, as he had at first intended. He felt sure that he had lost her.

He usually preferred to attend to his own affairs himself, but now as he walked home absorbed in sorrowful thoughts he wondered whether it would not be better for his mother to go and speak to her first — but she must ride over on the Grey. True, people might think it foolish to use a horse for so short a distance, but Sigrid would understand the meaning.

This was done, though his mother at first thought he was old enough to go on his errands of love himself. She must not speak of money or anything of that sort, Gjermund said, only tell Sigrid what was strictly true, that he sincerely repented having stayed away so long, and did not venture to go to her himself. When his mother rode down the hillside on the Grey — which after a month of good care and feeding was in a very different condition from the day Gjermund found it — the son sat anxiously at home and waited. This ride was quite different from the foppish expedition he had so often imagined, when Jon Evjen would come to the gate to greet him as he went to ask for his daughter's hand.

When the widow from Strömshagen rode quietly up to the house, it was evident that she came on some important

errand; old Jon went in and put on his coat. Entering the yard, she stopped at a short distance from the door, and behaved very differently in every respect from what would have been expected from the mother of a rich peasant, who boasted of his money. She made a low bow as she entered, modestly refused to sit down, and acted as if she desired to depreciate herself and everything connected with her. She had never had this manner in her poorest days. When her son's return was mentioned, she answered sighing, that she should take little pleasure in it if he were always as sad as he seemed now. Jon and his wife were not a little surprised at these words, but Sigrid looked earnestly at her, and a faint flush crimsoned her cheeks. At last the mother frankly said that she had come to speak a few words to Sigrid alone.

The two went into an adjoining room. As Sigrid crossed the threshold, every tinge of color faded from her face, and her expression grew cold and proud. Jon shook his head and thought that looked like "no" again.

But when both came out, Sigrid's cheeks were flushed and her eyes wet with tears, though they were evidently not tears of grief, while her hands trembled so that she could be of no use when she went to help Gjermund's mother on the horse.

When the latter came home, Gjermund learned what he had probably suspected; that the breach had been a serious one, but it had now been healed so far that it would probably be well for him to go to Evjen himself. The last words his mother uttered with so peculiar an expression that Gjermund's heart swelled with joy; he gave her no rest until she had told him all.

At first Sigrid had said, with icy coldness, that she thought Gjermund now cared more for his money than for her — otherwise he would not have remained absent so long, without sending her any message; she therefore believed it would be better for everything to continue as it was, and say no more about the matter, as it could only be painful to both. With these words she had put her hand on the door, to end the conversation; nor did she come any nearer when the mother raised her handkerchief to her eyes, and said that this was a sorrowful end to all the struggles of her youth, but merely answered curtly that people in this world strive for many things without attaining them; she, it is true, had had but one goal in view, but Gjermund

now had other plans. When the mother replied that Gjermund would gladly give up his wandering life, and become a farmer again if she would consent to be his wife, and she ought not to send the Grey home with such sorrowful tidings, she had suddenly bent her head, embraced her, and wept till it seemed as if she would never stop, but looked so happy when she at last raised her eyes again.

That same afternoon Gjermund and his mother went to Evjen to ask the parents for their daughter. The two young people sat together in the dusky room, and would not unclasp their hands. But Sigrid was at last obliged to go out to make some cream porridge. Gjermund followed, and when the dish came in it was spoiled, a thing that had never happened before under Sigrid's hands. Old Jon said, laughing, that it was because the weather was too warm outside.

The widow made several attempts to go home, before, at a late hour, mother and son at last departed.

A few days after — matters move quickly on the mountains — the question of fixing the wedding-day was discussed. Now it was Gjermund who urged, and Sigrid who asked delay.

On a beautiful autumn Sunday morning the church was decorated for Sigrid. She wore the bridal wreath on her fair brow, and the bride's horse waited at the door; it was the Grey, now in good condition, and still tolerably swift-footed.

An unusually large crowd had assembled in the church to see the handsome couple. As they stood before the altar, both were of equal height, but the broad-shouldered Gjermund looked every inch the man.

The festivities were what had been expected when Sigrid Evjen should become a bride. According to the custom of the country, wedding-gifts were numerous. Old Jon's present was a deed of Evjen — each of the daughters would have a farm, and Evjen was Sigrid's inheritance. The old people had given up the house, and wished to end their days in a newly-built one at Livôre.

"Well, now that Gjermund is master of both farms," Jon said jestingly over a mug of foaming beer to the wedded pair, "he must build the bridge over the ravine for both."

"The bridge was built when these two joined hands," replied Gjermund's mother, "but both he and the Grey had to wander about the world a long time to get the logs."

"Yes, almost too long," said Jon.

From The Contemporary Review.

## CHLORAL AND OTHER NARCOTICS.

## I.

It fell to my lot to be the first in this country to investigate the action of hydrate of chloral after the remarkable discovery of its properties as a narcotic, by the distinguished and original Liebreich. At the meeting of the British Association, held at Exeter in the year 1868, the late Mr. Daniel Hanbury, F.R.S., brought with him to the meeting, from Germany, a specimen of the hydrate and a brief verbal account of the phenomena which it had been found to produce on living bodies. The facts related by Mr. Hanbury proved of so much interest to the members of the Biological Section, that they elected me, who had just been submitting a report on an allied subject, to make a further and special report during the meeting on this particular subject. I accepted the duty at once, and conducted a series of experimental researches, the results of which were duly laid before the section on the last day of the meeting. The results were amongst the most singular I had ever witnessed, and the report upon them raised an intense curiosity amongst the medical men and the men of science in this country. Liebreich's discovery became the physiological event of the year, and for some months I was engaged, at every leisure moment, in demonstrating the various and unique facts which that discovery had brought forth.

In this chloral hydrate we were found to possess an agent very soluble and manageable, which, introduced into the body of a man or other animal, quickly caused the deepest possible sleep, a sleep prolonged for many hours, and which could be brought so near to the sleep of death that an animal in it might pass for dead and still recover. In this substance we also found we had an agent which was actually decomposed within the blood, and which in its decomposition yielded the product chloroform, which caused the sleep; a product which distilled over, as it were, from the blood into the nervous structure and gave rise to the deep narcotism.

The discovery of Liebreich opened a new world of research, the lessons derived from which I shall never forget. And yet now that ten years have passed away and I have lived to see the influence on mankind, of what is in one sense a beneficent, and in another sense a maleficent substance, I almost feel a regret that I took

any part whatever in the introduction of the agent into the practice of healing and the art of medicine.

About three months after my report was read at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the first painful experience resulting from chloral hydrate came under my knowledge. A medical man of middle age and comfortable circumstances took, either by accident or intention, what was computed to be a dose of 190 grains of chloral hydrate. He had bought, a few days before this event, 240 grains of the substance. He took a first dose of ten grains in order to procure sleep. On a following night he took twenty grains, and on the evening of the succeeding day twenty grains more. These administrations were known. He had reduced his store by these takings to 190 grains, and while in a state of semi-consciousness from the last quantity, he got up from the bed on which he was reclining, and emptied all the remaining contents of the bottle into a small tumbler of water, and swallowed the large dose so prepared. He was found insensible, with the bottle and glass by his bedside. He did not fully regain consciousness for sixty hours, but finally made a good recovery.

The occurrence of this experience led me into a new line of research, namely, to find out what was the best mode of maintaining life while the body is under the influence of a deep sleep from the hydrate. This new research disclosed that the great object of treatment should be to sustain the animal temperature. I found that, like alcohol, the tendency of chloral hydrate is to reduce the vital fire, and that of two animals under chloral, one in a warm the other in a cold atmosphere, the recovery of the one in the warm and the death of the one in the cold atmosphere, could be reduced to a matter of positive system or rule. I had soon to publish that lesson, and to indicate that there were dangers ahead in respect to the use of chloral hydrate, which dangers would have to be scientifically combated.

Within a year after the introduction of chloral hydrate into medical use another new truth dawned on me. One morning the friends of a gentleman called on me, bringing a bottle of chloral hydrate and a copy of a medical paper containing a lecture of mine relating to the action of the drug. They had noticed for some time past that the gentleman, about whom they were anxious, had been very peculiar in manner, exhibiting signs resembling those

of intoxication from alcohol, but with more than alcoholic somnolency. He was an alcoholic, and sometimes he was apt to have spells of inebriation; but the phenomena more recently observed was somewhat different. Watching him closely as their alarms increased, they detected that he was in the habit of dosing himself with some substance which he kept in a series of bottles, of which he had seventeen or eighteen in stock, and one of which they brought to me. The bottle they brought contained chloral hydrate, and it turned out that all the bottles contained, or had contained, the same. By-and-by this gentleman came to me himself, and confessed that he was in the habit of taking the chloral three or four times in the twenty-four hours. He took it at first, after reading my lecture on its medicinal uses, in order to procure sleep. It answered his purpose so well that he became induced to repeat the process, and in a little time got what he called his new craving. He presented a series of special symptoms from the chloral which had some of the characters of jaundice and some of the characters of scurvy. These symptoms were additional to the signs of brain and nervous disturbance caused by the chloroform derived from the chloral, and they were easily accounted for. The chloral, in undergoing decomposition within the body, divides into two products, the one chloroform, the other an alkaline formate, a soluble salt, which makes the blood unduly fluid, and acts much in the same manner—as I found again by direct experiment with it—that common salt does, or the mixture of pickling salts used for the preservation of dead animal tissues that are preserved by the process of salting.

Here, then, was another history of danger from the use of chloral hydrate, a new condition of disease to which I drew attention very speedily, and to which I gave the name of *chloralism*. It is a matter of deep regret to have to report that since the name was given to the disease chloralism has become rather wide-spread. It has not yet spread far amongst the female part of the community. It has not yet reached the poorer classes of either sex. Amongst the men of the middle class; amongst the most active of these in all its divisions,—commercial, literary, legal, medical, philosophical, artistic, clerical,—chloralism varying in intensity of evil has appeared. In every one of the classes I have named, and in some others, I have seen the sufferers from it, and have heard their testimony in relation to its effects on their organiza-

tions — effects exceedingly uniform, and, as a rule, exceedingly baneful.

The history of chloralism is of interest to the scholar of history as showing how easily a simple scientific discovery may be misapplied when its misapplication ministers to some luxurious desire or morbid inclination of mankind. I give the account at first hand, drawing upon no other experience than my own, an experience which dates from the first commencement of the disease, and which, during all the period, has been probably, in this country, as comprehensive as any in respect both to instances of acute and of slow mischief from this one cause. I could fill easily all the space allotted to me in the present essay by mere narration of observed facts on this topic, were that my object. My object does not lie in that direction, useful and practical though it might be. Let the reader simply remember that from a certain scientific basis of research something specifically social, and either moral or immoral in its tendencies, has occurred in a brief space of time, and that a singular mental phenomenon has been developed amongst the most cultivated representatives of a highly cultivated people, and the impression I wish now to indicate by the brief narrative recorded above is supplied.

## II.

THIS is not the first time in the history of mankind that the same kind of history has been written. There is a previous history, from which dates a great deal that is curious in romance and poetry, and which even to Shakespeare afforded a world of wonder and of story.

The ancient physicians, dating from Dioscorides himself, tell of the use of a wine made into a narcotic by mandragora. From the leaves and from the root of the *Atropa mandragora* the ancient physicians prepared a vinous solution which in many respects had the same properties as the chloral hydrate of to-day. This wine, called "morian," was given to those who were about to be subjected to painful surgical operations or to the cautery, so that, ere the sensitive structure was touched, the sick man was in a deep sleep during which the operation was performed without the consciousness of feeling, not to say of pain. The sleep would last for some hours. From this purely medical or surgical use of morion, the application of it extended. Those who were condemned to die by cruel and prolonged torture were permitted to taste its beneficence and to

pass from their consummate agony through Lethe's walk to death. A little later and the wine of mandragora was sought after for other and less commendable purposes. There were those who drank of it for taste or pleasure; and who were spoken of as "mandragorites," as we might speak of alcoholics or chloralists. They passed into the land of sleep and dream, and waking up in scare and alarm were the screaming mandrakes of an ancient civilization.

I have myself made the "morian" of that civilization, have dispensed the prescription of Dioscorides and Pliny. The same chemist, Mr. Hanbury, who first put chloral into my hands for experiment, also procured for me the root of the true mandragora. From that root I made the morion, tested it on myself, tried its effects, and re-proved, after a lapse of perhaps four or five centuries, that it had all the properties originally ascribed to it. That it should have come into use as a narcotic by those who first tasted it for its narcotic action, and that they should have passed into mandragorites is not more surprising than that other and later members of the human family should have become chloralists. The effects produced by morion subjectively and objectively are so much like those from chloral that they may be counted practically as the same. I have put these two examples of the action of two similar toxic agents in parallel positions, because they are remarkable as showing how, at most distant and distinct eras of civilization, a general practice in the use of these agents sprung out of a special practice relating to their use, a maleficent out of a beneficent purpose. If I wished to extend the comparison, I might place opium, ether, chloroform, and chlorodyne under the same category.

Mandragora, opium, chloral, ether, chloroform, chlorodyne, are medical agents used in the first instance mechanically, and used in a second instance socially, and by habit in certain instances, for the purpose of making the mind oblivious, or in other and more frequently used words, for securing repose or rest. These agents do not stand alone in respect to the list of toxicants which are assumed to be useful to mankind. To them must be added many others which have not necessarily had an origin from medical science or art, but have sprung into general use from their first application. Under this head may be included the commoner members of the chemical families known as the alcohols: hashish from the *Cannabis indica*



(Indian-hemp) yerba de nuaca, or red-thorn apple, amanitine, coca, absinth, arsenic, tobacco.

It will be seen that the toxic agents are a numerous class, and if I had chosen to refine, I might have added some further. In one notable instance, and in one or two less notable, nitrous-oxide gas, the gas now so commonly used by dentists as an anæsthetic, has been resorted to as an habitual stimulant and narcotic; but the rarity of its use prevents the necessity of doing more than referring to it in this place and once perhaps again in the sequel. Of the other agents it may be said, *in limine*, respecting the extent of their use, that the alcohols and tobacco stand first on the list in our civilized life. Next after these come opium, absinth, chloral hydrate, chlorodyne, ether, and chloroform. The other substances are local in the range of their employment. Haschish is an Eastern luxury; amanitine a Kamaschatkaian luxury; arsenic a Styrian luxury; red-thorn apple a luxury of the Indians of the Andes, under the sweet influence of which they enter into communion, as they believe, with the spirits of their departed dead,—the best excuse I have ever heard given for the use of any of these indulgences whatsoever.

### III.

As we cast our minds back upon this long list of toxic instruments for the delight of man, we are struck with the widely apparent difference that seems to exist between them. The difference, however, is not so great as it may seem, for between the physiological action of one and the other there is an analogy of action in certain particulars which is singularly striking. As a rule, the key-note of the action of these agents, if I may use such a simile, is through one particular element where many elements enter into their composition. Where nitrogen is present as an element, a definite line of action of the agent is marked out; when a hydrocarbon radical is dominant,—that is to say, when such a radical forms the chief part of the compound—the influence of that is most definite; while the influence of one disturbing principle on another may be most clearly traced in other cases as a neutralizing influence, one influence reacting upon the other.

We have at hand many instances of this kind for illustration. Alcohol and tobacco are the most ready examples. In the alcohols, whichever one of the family of alcohols we may take, from the least dan-

gerous wood spirit, through the more dangerous grain spirit, up to the much more dangerous potato spirit, there is one agency at work, a hydrocarbon radical, methyl, ethyl, amyl, according to the alcohol used, which, with different degrees of intensity, plays the same part, producing similar series of phenomena. In tobacco we have a less decisively known combination at work, but we have in that combination the element nitrogen, the introduction of which causes a new development of nervous phenomena, the analogous action of which can be traced through some other complex organic compounds containing the same element—nitrogen. In chloroform again we have a hydrocarbon radical playing nearly the same part as the radical methyl of methylic alcohol, but with chlorine interposing to modify the simple narcotic action of the radical, and greatly to increase the danger of the compound in its effect on the living body. Physiological research has not yet reached, by vital analysis of action, a perfection of knowledge on the subject now in hand. Such analysis is yet in its early days. At the same time a general line of research has been made out, and some results have been obtained which are of direct practical value. Other facts have also been elicited which at first sight are surprising, but which lose their singularity when they are correlated with pure chemical physical demonstrations. I found, for example, in one of my researches, that two chemical substances which are isomeric in constitution—that is to say, are composed of the same elementary forms in the same proportions, but under different arrangement—produce entirely different phenomena on the animal body. These isomeric substances are the formate of ethyl and the acetate of methyl.

The agents used by man for his dreamy delights have thus a varied influence on his nature. They are often rudely classed together as luxuries; but the luxuriousness which they foster may be fathoms wide until they so far interfere with vital function as to reduce its activity in a notable degree. Then there is something in common between them, just as there is something in common when, being carried a little further, they stop life altogether.

For this is interesting respecting them, in the most potent sense. They all kill when we let them have full play. This is obviously the reason why they are called toxicants and intoxicants. They bear resemblance in action to the poison which once in the history of a past civilization

sped on the tip of an arrow from a discharged bow.

## IV.

THE toxicants have variation of action in their early stages. Alcohols excite the mind and quicken the pulses before they depress. Opium excites before it depresses. Tobacco does not in the strict sense excite, but depresses and soothes from the first, so that there are stages, which some persons always feel, when alcohol is antidotal to tobacco. Amongst those persons who are total abstainers from alcohol few are found who can bear tobacco in the most moderate use of it. Under tobacco the heart seems rapidly to run down in power, and alcohol is called for to whip it up again, also as it seems. The fact is that the heart is not the organ primarily concerned at all, but the minute vessels at the termination of the arterial circuit. These minute vessels are under a nervous influence by which the passage of blood through them is regulated, and which influence is readily modified by very refined causes acting through the organic or emotional nervous centres. The effect of tobacco on these minute vessels, through the nervous system, is to cause contraction of them as a primary fact, so that the face of the person affected becomes pale and the surface of the body cold, while the heart labors to force on the supply of blood until its own vascular system comes under the influence: then the stomach involuntarily contracts, and, after a time, the voluntary muscles, deprived of blood, convulse tremulously, or pass into active convulsions, as in tetanus. Alcohol on the other hand, through its influence on nervous functions, relaxes the vessels of the minute circulation, sets free the heart, reduces the muscular power, and in every particular counteracts the tobacco. When a person receives a stun, or is shocked by some intelligence, or sight, or sound, that thereby stuns him, so that, like Hamlet, he is bechilled

Almost to jelly by the act of fear,  
Stands dumb and speaks not,

he is for the moment in the same state as the man who first tries to smoke tobacco, and who, with pallid face, cold surface, and reeling brain, is to his sense and feeling stricken with all but mortal suffering and prostration. In each of these cases alcohol, for a moment, acts as an antidote, not necessarily as the best antidote, but as a fair one. When, therefore, we see a man smoking and drinking,

quaffing off the cup of wine or spirit to quiet the qualm which would otherwise be inflicted by the fumes of the cigar or the pipe, we really observe the facts of a most excellently though innocently devised physiological experiment on a living animal. The man, unconsciously to his knowledge, if not to his sensation, — unless he be a physiologist, — is inducing a balance in the tension of his arterial circuit.

In process of time the nervous system becoming accustomed to these influences, one or both, in a certain degree tolerates them, for a period. The tolerance while it lasts is an advantage to the habit, and, if the habit were a necessity, it would be a blessing. But the advantage is not permanent. In the end the nutrition of the organic parts which is under the influence of the same nervous regulation is sure to suffer, and in many organizations to suffer rapidly and fatally.

It is probable, if not as yet provable, that all the agents named above produce their specific effect by the influence they exert over the automatic self-regulating nervous function. In my researches on the action of some substances on the minute circulation, I have been able to differentiate their action by this general rule. The alcohols, the lighter alcohols, including common alcohol, relax the vessels; nicotine constricts; chloroform, by virtue of the chlorine in its composition, constricts; opium relaxes, then constricts; ether relaxes; absinthe, after a time, constricts; chloral hydrate first constricts, and afterwards relaxes. From these differences of action the differences of phenomena in the persons affected are explainable. In like manner the ultimate deleterious effects of these agents on the nutrition of the body are explainable. It is a necessary result, for example, that under the long-continued use of alcohol the constantly relaxed and congested vessels should assume a new character and local function; that the parts depending on them for their supplies of blood should be changed from the natural structure to unnatural but definable, and now well-understood conditions of disease. It is an equally necessary result that under the continued influence of opium the constantly constricted vessels should assume a new local function; that nutrition should be arrested in the parts which those vessels supply with blood; and that the shrunken, impoverished body of the confirmed opium-eater should be an outward and visible sign of the internal changes

which are being so assiduously and determinately carried into effect by the narcotic.

When these facts respecting the direct physical action of various toxic agents on the body, through the line of the involuntary nervous system, are understood, they connect, through the same direction, the effects of more refined and much less definable influences. They show how psychological phases are ever at hand to modify nutritive changes: how grief, which shocks and dissevers the organic nervous supply, affects the animal life so deleteriously, exciting and reducing, and sometimes in part disabling altogether parts of the organic nervous track. They indicate how an equable nervous current is conducive to permanent nutritive activity and health, and show physiologically that to laugh and grow fat is after all a mechanical proposition. I must not, however, be tempted away into an inviting field of observation, in which the physical and the metaphysical so neatly blend.

It is worthy of remark that the action of the different toxicants to which I am directing attention, and which are in most common use amongst members of the human family, have in some cases a similar action, and in other cases a dissimilar action on the members of the lower creation. The alcohols appear to possess a toxic influence throughout all the domain of living animal beings. I can find no animals that escape the immediate action of the alcohols, or the remote effects which occur when the changes excited by the alcohols are often repeated. All our domestic animals come quickly under the ban. Birds and fishes do the same. Chloroform, chloral hydrate, and absinthe seem to exert a similar wide range of action. Tobacco is not so extended in its range. There are animals that can take with perfect impunity a dose of tobacco which would poison three or four men. The goat is an animal which can resist the noxious, but to it innocuous, weed.

Opium can be resisted by certain animals with equal readiness. A pigeon will practically live on opium. A pigeon will swallow with impunity as much solid opium as would throw twelve adult men into the deepest narcotism. Indeed, it is not correct to say that to pigeons opium is in any sense a poison.

The reasons for these exceptions are not clearly made out. The probability is that the animals which take the intoxicants with so much impunity produce some form of decomposition of the agent in their own

bodies, by which the active alkaloidal substance is rendered neutral in effect, or, at all events, is much neutralized.

#### V.

THERE is a fact of singular interest in relation to the intoxicants I have now described or named, and which before I proceed further should be carefully noticed. The fact is this: That when the agents produce a definite effect upon a living body, whether it be a human body or the body of an animal that possesses desires and likings, there is caused in that body, after a number of times of practice, a craving or desire for the agent that produced the effect. In man this is so marked that the most repugnant and painful of lessons connected with the first subjection to the agent is soon forgotten in the acquired after-sense of craving or desire. It really matters little which of the intoxicants it is that is learned to be craved for; the craving for it will continue when it has struck an abiding impression. We know this fact well from the wide experience that has been gained of it in the cases of alcohol, tobacco, opium, chloral, hashish, absinthe, and arsenic. More incongruous things could scarcely be; incongruous to the senses, to the sensibilities, to the methods of taking, to the result of them; yet the craving for any one of them as it is may be established. The devotee to one will laugh at the devotee to another; each one will consider the other almost insane, and yet each will follow his own course.

Still more curious is it that the substances craved for, which lie quite outside the natural wants of healthy life, may be extended to any number. There is in truth hardly a substance to which the craving may not cling. The distinguished Dr. Huxham had under his observation a man who, after a little practice in the habit of taking it, had a craving for the salt now called bicarbonate of ammonia. The man chewed this salt and swallowed it in the same way as he might have swallowed peppermint lozenges. The effect of the salt was to produce extreme fluidity of the blood of the man, so that he became scorbutic, and to cause loosening of his teeth. It also reduced his strength, and even placed his life in jeopardy; and yet his craving for the ammonia remained unappeased until his danger was so great that the noxious thing had to be withheld altogether. The great Sir Humphrey Davy gives another, and it may be still more remarkable, experience in relation to himself.

When he was making his wonderful researches with nitrous oxide gas, he commenced, at first for the mere sake of experiment, to inhale the gas in free quantities. By this process of inhalation he obtained the most delicious of visions. Space seemed to him illimitable, and time extended infinitely, so that coming out of one of these trances he exclaimed, "Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains!" In course of time Davy, by the frequent repetition of the process of inhalation, became so infatuated that he could not look at a gas-holder, could not look at a person breathing, — I am using his own description, — without experiencing the urgent sense of desire to once more imbibe his favorite gaseous nectar, and revel in his induced and artificial dreams. How closely this confession runs, even from the pen of a philosopher, to similar confessions made by many who are not philosophers, respecting another purely chemical intoxicant which is more generally known than Sir Humphrey's gas, I need not stay to explain.

An experience, closely allied to the above, occurred to a scientific friend of mine in relation to another intoxicant, namely — chloroform. This gentleman, commencing like Sir Humphrey with the inhalation of chloroform for purposes of experiment, at last began daily to inhale a certain measured quantity. In a few days he increased the quantity, and at last discovered, from the intervals of time which elapsed after he commenced each inhalation, that he must have gone off into deep sleep and so have forgotten to note the passage of time. At first the sense of desire to repeat the inhalation alarmed him greatly, but soon the desire overcame all sense of fear, and at last he became a complete devotee to the practice. A breakdown in his health led him to communicate his position to his friends, and by the earnest advice and warning of one of them he did at last resolve to abstain altogether. It was a very difficult fight, the odor of the vapor whenever he was near to it recalling most keenly the old desire, and even four years elapsed before he felt himself fully emancipated from the dangerous habit.

The craving attaches itself to other substances than I have hitherto named. I have known it connected with that most nauseous of all medicines, assafoetida; I have known it strongly attach itself to another medicine, valerian; and once I knew it attach itself to turpentine. My learned and very good friend, the late Dr.

Willis, of Barnes, had a patient who acquired the craving for common wood or methylated spirit; and there are many who have acquired a liking for spirit that is flavored or more than flavored with fusel oil.

The readiness with which mankind will attach themselves to varied cravings is shown again and on a comparatively large scale in the north of Ireland. In a district there of which Draper's Town is the centre, the eminent Father Mathew labored in his lifetime with such magical effect that he practically converted the whole district to sobriety. A little after his time, and when the influence of his work was fading away, a person came into the district and introduced a new beverage or drink which was not whiskey, which was not strong drink, and which it was said would do no harm. The bait took, and for over thirty years there has existed in the place I have named a generation or two of ether drinkers. I have visited this place recently and found the habit still in progress. The ether drinker tosses off his two or three ounces of common ether, as another man tosses off gin or whiskey. He passes rapidly into a state of quick excitement and intoxication, is often senseless for a brief period, and then rapidly regains the sober state. He suffers less from this process in the way of organic disease than he would from a similar number of intoxications from alcohol; but he gains as he would from alcohol the same intense craving, and the craving presents a similar automatic and periodical rule as has been observed in relation to the habitual employment of other active and enticing poisonous compounds.

## VI.

THE nature of these cravings is not more singular than its intensity when once it has been acquired. The most practised craver can rarely succeed in explaining upon what the craving really depends. It is an indefinable desire. It is neither thirst, nor hunger, nor pleasure, nor reasonable want. It is rather like a wish to be relieved for the moment of some indescribable sense of pain or discomfort. It is often periodical in its occurrence, and it can, I believe, always be made perfectly periodical, a fact which connects it very closely with the work of the organic nervous system. In a word, in the confirmed craver the work of the organic nervous system, which is singularly periodical and rhythmical in the natural state, is, by these agents, turned into a new direction, and is made to take

on a new action which in steady form repeats itself. I have in my house an eight-day clock which, though a century old, does good and faithful work, except at two times in the twenty-four hours, when it goes periodically astray. From some little twist or wear in the machinery, it stops for a moment in the act of striking at one particular stroke of the bell, and on listening to it it seems as if the striking had concluded. Then it strikes feebly and goes on again all right. The working of the involuntary nervous system in health is as automatic and regular as the working of a timepiece; damaged, it is as systematically deranged at particular periods.

The injury from intoxicants after the first automatic derangement has been established by them is not to be measured altogether by the first and usual derangement. Unfortunately, the action of the intoxicant extends beyond the mere effect of the craving that springs from it, and involves in its evils structural parts of the animal body. The nutrition of the degraded structures, the sense of muscular and mental fatigue is soon rendered easy of development; and, *pari passu*, the mind, seeking for aid in the influences it likes, finds a supposed aid in the intoxicant. It takes the destructive agent more frequently, thereby establishing a more frequent periodicity of desire, and a more earnest craving. By these combined influences, as is so commonly observed in the intemperate from alcohol, the craving increases as the animal powers decline, and the tendency to death is vastly quickened in its course. To ordinary comprehension, in these instances, the craving and the sinking are the same acts. They become so at last in effect, but their beginnings are quite distinct, and they are, in the strictest expression of fact, distinct phenomena even to the end.

The craving for these intoxicants, so strong in the habituated amongst men, is not confined to human kind. The beast that can be brought to taste these agents, and that can be affected by them, can be equally well taught to crave for them, and to look out for them also with automatic and periodical precision. I know of no domestic animal that cannot be trained to look out for these agents when the training is conducted with skill and with determination. Like young children and those persons of later life who have never tasted the agents in any form, nor experienced the sensations which come from them, the lower animals reject them at first, strive against them, and evidently are much dis-

quieted and perplexed by the results which follow their use. But to err is inhuman as well as human, and so the beasts that perish even they err and learn to like it. In the beast as in the man, the train of events follows the same course. The craving becomes connected almost immediately with deterioration, and at last the two conditions of desire and decay are spun into the same woof, and appear as the same substance.

#### VII.

It may be interesting at this point to particularize the character of the influence exercised on life by certain of the agents we have now under consideration. With the action of alcohol and tobacco we are all so familiar it is not necessary to repeat what is known of them as members of the toxical family of luxury. Let me rather devote a few pages to the consideration of two or three of the less commonly used agents, with the dangers of which the public mind is not so strongly impressed, and with the facts of which it is not so conversant. I will take three of these as the most important at the present time — namely, chloral hydrate, opium, and absinthe.

The serious truth that chloral hydrate after its introduction into medicine was soon made use of as a toxical luxury has already been adverted to. At the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Edinburgh in the year 1871, I drew earnest attention to this subject. I said — and the words were published in the report of that year (p. 147) — “There is another subject of public interest connected with the employment of chloral hydrate. I refer to the increasing habitual use of it as a narcotic. As there are alcoholic intemperants and opium-eaters, so now there are those who, beginning to take chloral hydrate to relieve pain or to procure sleep, get into the fixed habit of taking it several times daily and in full doses. I would state from this public place as earnestly and as forcibly as I can that this growing practice is alike injurious to the mental, the moral, and the purely physical life, and that the confirmed habit of taking chloral hydrate leads to inevitable and confirmed disease. Under it the digestion gets impaired; natural tendency to sleep and natural sleep is impaired; the blood is changed in quality, its plastic properties and its capacity for oxidation being reduced; the secretions are depraved, and the nervous system losing its regulating controlling power, the



muscles become unsteady, the heart irregular and intermittent, and the mind excited, uncertain, and unstable. To crown the mischief, in not a few cases already the habitual dose has been the last, involuntary or rather unintentional suicide closing the scene. I press these facts on public attention not one moment too soon, and I add to them the further facts that hydrate of chloral is purely and absolutely a medicine, and that whenever its administration is not guided by medical science and experience, it ceases to be a boon, and becomes a curse to mankind."

This was stated within two years after the substance chloral hydrate came into medical use. If at that time the mind of the public had been as ripe as it is now for the acceptance of the truth, or if I could then have reached the ear of the public more plainly, much evil might have been nipped in the bud. As it was, the warning had little effect, except to expose me to adverse criticism as an alarmist, and the evil has gone on with increasing rapidity and mischief. There is at the present time a considerable community addicted to the habitual use of chloral hydrate on one pretence or another, and a learned medical society has recently framed a series of written questions on the subject, which questions it has felt it expedient to address to members of the profession of medicine generally for their replies.

The persons who become habituated to chloral hydrate are of two or three classes as a rule. Some have originally taken the narcotic to relieve pain, using it in the earliest application of it for a true medicinal and legitimate object, probably under medical direction. Finding that it gave relief and repose, they have continued the use of it, and at last have got so abnormally under its influence that they cannot get to sleep if they fail to resort to it. A second class of persons who take to chloral are alcoholic inebriates who have arrived at that stage of alcoholism when sleep is always disturbed, and often nearly impossible. These persons at first wake many times in the night with coldness of the lower limbs, cold sweatings, startings, and restless dreamings. In a little time they become nervous about submitting themselves to sleep, and before long habituate themselves to watchfulness and restlessness, until a confirmed insomnia is the result. Worn out with sleeplessness, and failing to find any relief that is satisfactory or safe in their false friend alcohol, they turn to chloral, and in it find for a season the oblivion which they desire, and which they call rest.

It is a kind of rest, and is no doubt better than no rest at all; but it leads to the unhealthy states that we are now conversant with, and it rather promotes than destroys the craving for alcohol. In short, the man who takes to chloral after alcohol, enlists two cravings for a single craving, and is double-shot in the worst sense. A third class of men who become habituated to the use of chloral are men of extremely nervous and excitable temperament, who by nature, and often by the labors in which they are occupied, become bad sleepers. A little thing in the course of their daily routine oppresses them. What to other men is passing annoyance, thrown off with the next step, is to these men a worry and anxiety of hours. They are over-susceptible of what is said of them, and of their work, however good the work may be. They are too elated when praised, and too depressed when not praised, or dispraised. They fail to play character parts on the stage of this world, and as they lie down to rest they take all their cares and anxieties into bed with them, in the liveliest state of perturbation. Unable in this condition to sleep, and not knowing a more natural remedy, they resort to the use of such an instrument as chloral hydrate. They begin with a moderate dose; increase the dose as occasion seems to demand, and at last, in what they consider a safe and moderate system of employing it, they depend on the narcotic for their falsified repose.

Amongst these classes of men the use of chloral hydrate is on the increase. The use is essentially a bad business at the best, and while I do not wish in the least to exaggerate the danger springing from it, — while, indeed, I am willing to state that I have never been able to trace out a series of fatal organic changes of a structural character from such use, I have certainly seen a great deal of temporary disturbance and enfeeblement from it, without any corresponding advantage that might be set forth as an exchange of some good for some harm. The conclusion I have been forced to arrive at is in brief to this effect: that if chloral hydrate cannot be kept for use within its legitimate sphere as a medicine, to be prescribed by the physician according to his judgment, and by him as rarely as is possible, it were better for mankind not to have it at any price.

I expressed an opinion in 1876 that the use of opium as a toxic agent to which persons habituate themselves, is dying out in this country. I see no reason to modify

that view now. I am quite sure that amongst the better classes the practice of taking opium is less common than it was formerly, and I believe that chloral hydrate has more than usurped its place. The idea, gathered from one or two local practices, which, like a fashion, come and go, that opium-eating is on the increase among the poorer members of society is, I believe, equally fallacious. I can discover no warranty for any such a general and sweeping assumption. As to the assertion that those who are by their pledge removed from the use of alcoholic drinks, who are professed abstainers, are more addicted to opium-eating than alcoholic drinkers, the idea is too absurd, and can only have been suggested for the sake of the mischief that might follow a promulgation of the notion, that because one devil is cast out of a man another must enter that is worse than the first. The facts really tell all the other way. The facts in the main are that those men and women who from principle abstain from one form of intoxicant, most resolutely abjure all forms; and that those who indulge in one form are more apt than the rest to indulge in more than one. In the course of my career I have met with some persons of English society who have indulged in the use of opium; but I have never met one such who did not also take wine or some other kind of alcoholic drink. Putting the matter in another way, I can solemnly say that in the whole of my intercourse with the abstaining community, and few men indeed have been thrown more into contact with that community, I have never met with an instance that afforded so much as a suspicion of the practice of indulging in narcotism from opium, or any other similar drug. I have never yet met with an abstainer who was even habituated to the use of chloral hydrate. A few abstainers smoke tobacco, but as the habit seriously taxes their physical health, most of them in due time forego even the luxury of the weed so soon as they discover its injuriousness.

The actual opium-eaters of modern society, who form a natural part of the nation as English people, are extremely limited in number, so limited that the mortality returns give no clue to them as a class suffering from the indulgence. I know not either of any physician or pathologist who has made a study of the organic changes induced in the bodies of natives of these islands who have died from the effects of opium. Still there are a few who indulge; and I fear that amongst the children of the poor, the infant children,

the use of narcotics containing opium is an abused, much abused system. The adults who indulge are, according to my experience, of three classes. There are some who in the course of disease attended with long-continued acute pain, like neuralgia pain, have found relief from opium, and who having so become habituated to its use keep up the habit sometimes because they feel that they cannot sleep without the drug, and sometimes because they have learned to experience a real luxury from its use. There is a limited section that has learned the practice of swallowing or of smoking opium from some Eastern association, and is professed in the practice in a certain moderate degree. Lastly, there are a few doubtless amongst the poorest of the community, who in some particular localities learn to partake of the narcotic, often not being aware of its true nature, and obtaining it under some fanciful name which has no direct reference to the narcotic itself.

To the few who in these classes may be called opium-eaters might be added a small number of alcoholic inebriates who partake of an opiate occasionally with their spirituous potations.

To whichever class they who habitually resort to opium may belong they pay dearly for their temporary pleasure. They are a miserable set in mind as in body. They are preserved, as it were, in misery; they do not suffer acute diseases from their enemy, as the alcoholics do, by which their lives are abruptly cut short, but they continue depressed in mind, feeble and emaciated in body, and incapable of any long-continued effort. De Quincey, in language somewhat figurative and poetical, has described the class with a force, and on the whole a correctness, which may be accepted as a faithful record.

I cannot report even so favorably on the use of absinthe as I have reported above on the use of opium. There cannot, I fear, be a doubt that in large and closely-packed towns and cities the consumption of absinthe is on the increase. In London it is decidedly on the increase. It is not possible to find a street in some parts of the metropolis in which the word "absinthe" does not meet the eye in the windows of houses devoted to the sale of other intoxicating and lethal drinks. Much of this advertisement of an unusually dangerous poison is made from ignorance of its nature as much as from cupidity. The suggestion for offering absinthe is that it is an agreeable bitter, that it gives an appetite, and that it gives

tone to weak digestions. It is proffered much in the same manner as gin and bitters, and as in some private houses sherry and bitters are proffered. If you ask a seller of absinthe what he vends it for, he tells you, "As a tonic to help digestion."

There is no more terrible mistake than this statement. Absinthe, as it is made in France, from whence it is imported, is a mixture of essence of wormwood (*absinthium*), sweet flag, aniseed, angelica root, and alcohol. It is colored green with the leaves or the juice of smallage, spinnage, or nettles. It is commonly adulterated. M. Derheims found it adulterated with sulphate of copper, blue vitriol, which substance is added in order to give the required greenish color or tint, as well as to afford a slight causticity, which, to depraved tastes, is considered the right thing to taste and swallow. M. Stanislas Martin stated that he found chloride of antimony, commonly called butter of antimony, as another adulteration, used also to give the color. Chevalier doubts this latter adulteration, but the adulteration with the sulphate of copper is not disputed. The proportion of essence of wormwood to the alcohol is five drachms of the essence to one hundred quarts of alcohol. The action of absinthe on those who become habituated to its use is most deleterious. The bitterness increases the craving or desire, and the confirmed *habitué* is soon unable to take food until he is duly primed for it by the deadly provocative. On the nervous system the influence of the absinthium essence is different from the action of the alcohol. The absinthium acts rather after the manner of nicotine; but it is slower in taking effect than the alcohol which accompanies it into the organism. There is therefore felt by the drinker first the exciting relaxing influence of the alcohol, and afterwards the constringing suppressing influence of the secondary and more slowly acting poison. The sufferer, for he must be so called, is left cold, tremulous, unsteady of movement and nauseated. If his dose be large, these phenomena are exaggerated, and the voluntary muscles, bereft of the control of the will, are thrown into epileptiform convulsions, attended with unconsciousness and with an oblivion to all surrounding objects which I have known to last for six or seven hours. In the worst examples of poisoning from absinthe the person becomes a confirmed epileptic.

In addition to these general indications of evil there are certain local indications

not less severe, not less dangerous. The effect which the absinthe exerts in a direct way on the stomach would alone be sufficiently pernicious. It controls for mischief the natural power of the stomach to secrete healthy digestive fluid. It interferes with the solvent power of that fluid itself, so that taken in what is considered to be a moderate quantity, one or two wine-glassfuls in the course of the day, it soon establishes in the victim subjected to it a permanent dyspepsia. The appetite is so perverted that all desire for food is quenched until the desire is feebly whipped up by another draught of the destroyer. In a word, a more consummate devil of destruction could not be concocted by the finest skill of science devoted to the worst of purposes than is concocted in this destructive agent, absinthe. It is doubly lethal, and ought to be put down peremptorily in all places where it is sold. Our magistrates have full power to deal with this poison, if they had the discretion and the courage to use their power. They could prohibit the license to all who sell the poison. Beyond this, there is another power that ought to come into play. Absinthe should be under the control of the Sale of Poisons Act, and no person ought to be able to get it in any form at all without signing a book and going through all the necessary formality for the purchase of a poison. To move the country to a due regard for its own interests as well as for the interests of the ignorant and deluded toxico-maniacs who indulge in absinthe, is the duty of all honest and truthful men.

#### VIII.

It is my business in the remaining part of this communication to deal with a question which springs out of the practice of using lethal agents, and with which the minds of the thinking community are sorely exercised. The question I refer to is—Whether the use of these agents springs from a natural desire on the part of man, and of animals lower than man, for such agents; or whether it springs from a perversion or unnatural provocation acquired and transmitted in hereditary line, a toxico-mania, in plain and decisive language.

In respect to the idea that these agents are demanded by living animals as necessities of their transitory existence and residence on this earth, it must be obvious that the argument, as so stated, is based on the desire which has been impressed on the mind of the reasoners by the agents

themselves. It is quite certain that men, and all the lower animals, can live without the supposed aid afforded by these substances, and that when they are not known life goes on smoothly and happily enough in their absence. They therefore are only pleaded for when they have made themselves felt, which looks strangely like an artificial pleading for an artificial as apart from a natural thing. Children do not plead for them; men who have been educated without them do not plead for them; animals do not beg for them; none ask for them until by education they have learned to use them. At first all rebel at them, and only after a fiery trial, during which they get over repugnance, acquire a liking to them, after which the liking may run into desire, and desire into infatuation.

Again, if these agents were natural for the wants of man and animal, they would not reasonably be expected to be left so far away, as they are left, from the immediate reach and possession of man and animal. To secure them for man and animal they have to be produced; to produce them, requires human ingenuity and skill, knowledge, science, and in some cases, as in the case of alcohol and alcoholic beverages, a very considerable degree of skill and an enormous amount of skilled labor. It is true that two of these substances, absinthium and opium, lie nearer at hand than the others, might be gathered and utilized by men in their savage state, and might be plucked and eaten even by beasts of the field. But the fact really seems to be that these very simples have not come into the possession of man for the service of the human family until by art the educated of the human race have learned the mode of use; while the lower animals, instead of instinctively finding them out and claiming the advantages which come from them, have instinctively avoided them with an instigation of common sense, that might happily have been imitated by their superiors in wisdom and intelligence.

Moreover, it has generally turned out that all which is required by man as a necessity for his existence has been in the most signal manner provided for him. He is a water engine, so water is ready at his command; he is a muscular engine, so muscle-forming substance is at his instant command; he is a passive skeleton, so the materials for the skeleton are at his ready command; he is a receptive organism through his nervous organization, so everything that is wanted for that system is ready prepared. He requires light to bring him into visible communion with the

external world, and ere he existed the sun was ready to give him light and to quicken him with heat and motion. He requires sound, and there is the prepared atmosphere ready to vibrate in obedience to his voice. These were all pre-prepared for the man and his life. Is it possible that something more was wanting that he, in course of ages, had to discover? Suppose, like the lower animals, he had failed to discover, what then had been his fate?

To my mind, and I wish to be as open to conviction on this point as any one can be, I fail to discern a single opening for the use of these lethal agents in the service of mankind save in the most exceptional conditions of disease, and then only under skilled and thoughtful supervision, from hands that know the danger of infusing a false movement and life into so exquisite an organism as a living, breathing, pulsating, impressionable, human form.

In the argument that these lethal agents are necessities, instinctively selected and chosen to meet human wants, there is no logical sequence. It is all confusion, assumption, apology for human weakness, exaltation of human weakness, sanction of temporary and doubtful pleasure, compromise with evil, and acceptance of penalties the direst, for advantages the poorest and least satisfactory. But when we turn to the other argument, — when we reason that these lethal agents induce a physical and mental aberration which they afterwards maintain, — when we but whisper the word *toxico-mania*, as the exposition of their influence, all is clear enough. We leave the purely natural world of life to enter the aberrant world, and all there is as it would be to eyes from which the scales of superstition have fallen. These agents play no part in natural function or construction, but add a part which is obviously an aberration. If into a steady-going locomotive engine the engineer infused some gallons of brandy, he would do something that would be conspicuous enough, but he would not thereby play a natural part in the working of that engine. He would only add a part which would be an aberration. There might be more rapid pulsation and motion for a brief period truly, but the pressure would be unequal, the working gear unsteady, and by much repetition of the same act there might be accident, apoplexy, stroke, even in an engine, and there certainly would be a wearing-out which would lead to a limited future. So with the body under these lethal spells; we may add a part, or we may take a part away, but we cannot by

them maintain the uniform and natural law of life.

These agents create a desire, a craving for themselves, a new automatic expression, a new sense of necessity which did not pre-exist, and which never exists until it is acquired. This seems to me the most perfect evidence of aberration. Whoever craves for anything is aberrant, and much craving for one thing is the most certain sign of a mad mind. We all admit this truth when the craving becomes insatiable; but between the smallest persistent craving and the most lamentable insatiate there is nothing more than degree; the fact is the same, and the movement along the line from the moderate towards the insatiate is commonly too easy and continuous. Craving for purely natural things in the midst of them is an unknown phenomenon in healthy men. Craving for unnatural things in the midst of them is well known; but is that healthy? The sane man who wants water asks for it; the sane animal that wants water seeks for it; the aberrant man clutches wine; the aberrant animal, rendered aberrant by the acquired craving, grows furious. No man drinks wine as he drinks water; there is a *furor* in the drinking of wine which marks a phenomenal disturbance, and which is distinct from the simple act of drinking from necessity, in the act as well as in the object.

The establishment of the craving or desire for these lethal agents in one living body is the frequent origin of the same desire in bodies that are to be. The craving is thus sometimes begotten of a craving, like other hereditary taints which lead to physical and mental errors and diseases, a specific indication of aberration from the natural health into disease, depending on hereditary constitutional tendency, and singularly indicative of original departure from the natural life. A still more striking illustration of the position I am now supporting is afforded in another action of these agents. The tendency of their action is, as a rule, towards premature physical death; the tendency is also towards premature mental death. A sudden excess of indulgence by any one of them, save perhaps arsenic, is all but certain to lead to some form of acute mental derangement or stupor, more or less decisive and prolonged. A gradual excessive indulgence is almost as certain to lead to a confirmed condition of aberration more or less determinate. If we watch carefully the career of a man who is passing through the course of an alcoholic intoxication,

and if after analyzing each phase of that progress, we pass into a lunatic asylum and look at the various phases of insanity exhibited in the persons of the different inmates who are there confined, there is no difficulty in finding represented, through certain of those unfortunates, all the shades of mental aberration which have previously been exhibited by the single person in the course of his rapid career from sanity into insanity and into helpless paralysis. The wonder suggested, by such analysis of natural phenomena, is not that forty per cent. of the insanity of the country should be directly or indirectly produced by one lethal agent alone, but that so low a figure should indicate all the truth.

When, then, we fairly consider the two questions now before us,—whether the lethal agents are called for because they are demanded by a law of natural necessity, a law which stands above man and is dominant over his nature because independent of him; or whether there is no such law whatever, but an error of man himself, by which he institutes for himself a taste for lethal derangement, and making for himself and his heirs a new constitution, begins thereupon to justify what he has done on the basis of the constitution he has established,—when, I repeat, we consider these two questions, we can, I think, come but to one conclusion. We must, if prejudice be not too strong, lean to the view that man makes the constitution he defends, and that it is the lethal agent, speaking as it were through him, on which a defence of all these agents, common or uncommon, rests for its support.

#### IX.

THERE is one final argument which many set up who are not content with either of the two views above described. This argument is, that in the natural state of man and beast, the things which “wreath themselves with ease in Lethe’s walk” are not in any sense necessary things. On the contrary, the things are decidedly injurious, and should not be used. At the same time, it is also admitted that the indulgence in lethal agents is, in truth, a mania which begets a mania, and which inflicts all kinds of follies, crimes, and miseries on the race. But, continues the argument, the mania being admitted as such, is rendered justifiable by the circumstance that they who make it and propagate it do not start from the natural condition. They find in the world so much care, so much sorrow, so much misery, and their own path is bestrewn with so many



anxieties and difficulties, that they are, in fact, diseased. All society is diseased. Therefore, to meet this vast amount and volume of disease, remedies of a palliative kind are required. Exceptional conditions call for exceptional measures. A man who cannot sleep, owing to the cares and anxieties of his life, must take chloral hydrate or opium to obtain sleep. A man who cannot finish a certain amount of work against time, by his own natural powers, must whip himself up to the work by means of wine; must force his heart and brain on against time at all risks and sacrifices. A man who has forced himself on against time, and has thereby obtained a momentum which he cannot arrest by ordinary means, must calm himself down by tobacco, must literally put the reins on his heart, and pull the heart up sharply and decisively. These remedies, at all risk of learning to crave for them, at all risk of falling the victim to toxico-mania, must be accepted that the work of the world may go on at full pace.

The argument is specious. If it be a sound argument, it must be the fact that they who, for the sake of the world, are throwing their lives behind them as fast as they can, are doing more work and better work than they who, keeping their lives in their hands, are content to labor without resort to any perilous adventitious assistance. Is it so? Is the man who never touches a lethal weapon—alcohol, opium, tobacco, chloral, hashish, absinthe, or arsenic—a worse man, a weaker man, a less industrious man, a less-to-be-trusted man, than he who indulges in those choice weapons ever so moderately, or ever so freely? If he is, then my position is confessedly undermined, and toxico-mania is a blessing, with all its curses.

BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON.

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From The Popular Science Review.  
THE BIRTH, LIFE, AND DEATH OF A  
STORM.\*

BY ROBERT H. SCOTT, M.A., F.R.S., ETC.

WHEN we are asked to give an account of the birth of a storm, we are reluctantly compelled to admit that our storms are, almost without exception, foundlings, and that, as the precise conditions to which they owe their origin are, for the most part, shrouded in uncertainty, warm discussions

at times arise as to the parish from whence they have set out on their wanderings.

Dove said long ago that storms were due to the interference of the polar current or the east wind with the equatorial current or west wind. He gave the winds these names, because on his views the east winds really consisted of air flowing from the north or south pole towards the equator, which was modified in the direction of its motion by its change of latitude; while west winds were really due to air endeavoring to make its way back to the pole from the equator, whose course was in its turn modified by its moving from lower to higher latitudes. To the conflict of these two grand currents, east and west winds, Dove attributed all our storms; but he did not attempt to explain how the currents came into collision.

These views, however correct on their cosmical principles, have been superseded, of late years at least, as regards the explanation of our winds, by the modern views of the relation between the wind and the distribution of barometrical pressure; but, unfortunately, we still remain in comparative ignorance of the ultimate causes to which this distribution of pressure, or the rise and fall of the barometer, are due. To give some conception of the existing difference of opinion on these fundamental principles of our science, I may say that while some authorities maintain that the force of the wind in a hurricane is caused by the amount of barometrical disturbance which accompanies it, others hold that the fall of the barometer at the centre is itself, in great measure, due to the centrifugal force of the revolving mass of air.

Of the various theories which have been propounded to account for storms, which are generally more or less cyclonic in their character, I shall only mention four.

1. Some authorities, and amongst them our own countryman the Rev. Clement Ley, attribute the formation and subsequent progress of a storm to the condensation of moisture, but they apparently ignore the fact that many of our very heaviest rains do not give rise to cyclonic disturbances of serious character. For instance, when on April 10 and 11, 1878, 4·6 inches of rain fell at Haverstock Hill, we had no storm of wind at all. In partial confirmation of this view, Professor Mohn, of Christiania, points to the accidental condensation of moisture caused by the contact of a mass of damp air with the surface of an extensive snowfield as a possible cause of a storm. About the 61st parallel of latitude the glacier region

\* Founded on a lecture delivered by the author at the London Institution, February 3, 1879.

of Justedal stretches for several miles along the coast of Norway, and this has occasionally been known to exert an influence in increasing the intensity of an existing cyclone, and even in some instances has appeared as the centre of a newly-formed depression.

These gentlemen, moreover, rely greatly on the fact that the rain area which accompanies every cyclonic system is roughly oval in shape, with its longer axis extending in the direction in which the system is advancing, and that by far the greatest amount of rain falls in front of the storm. They do not, however, explain the fact that very heavy rain frequently occurs on the northern side of a depression, where the wind is easterly, and that this circumstance does not indicate a northward motion of the system.

The most serious objection to this theory is, however, that first stated, that not only do the heaviest rains not come with the severest storms, but that frequently they are observed in times of nearly absolute calm.

2. The second theory to which I shall refer is the mechanical one, most strongly urged by Mr. Meldrum, of the Mauritius, whose investigations into the weather over the Indian Ocean have led him to the belief that every cyclone is generated in the intervening space between two oppositely flowing currents of air, of which the easterly moving stream, speaking in the most general terms, lies on the polar side of the westerly wind. Such a disposition of the currents would be that which would naturally arise were the cyclone once formed.

This view is called seriously in question by Messrs. Blanford and Eliot in their discussion of recent cyclones in the Bay of Bengal, which they have been able to study from very early stages, and in which they fail to see evidence of the pre-existence of two, and only two, determinate currents.

Another serious objection to this theory is, that it does not assign a *vera causa* sufficient to give the *first* impetus to the barometrical fall and the rotatory movement of the air.

3. A third theory of the origin of these storms is that which is strongly urged by M. Faye, in Paris, and is to the effect that, as interfering currents in rivers give rise to vortices which extend from the surface downwards into the water, so all our waterspouts, *trombes*, and even the largest tropical hurricanes must be all formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and extend downwards to the earth: the force

which gives them their onward motion being supplied by the upper currents.

It is sufficient to say that this theory has not met with acceptance from any practical meteorologist, while it is directly controverted by recent investigation into the motion of cirrus clouds, which show beyond a doubt that the motion of the upper currents of air over a cyclone is outwards, and not inwards, as the descending theory would demand.

Moreover, some of our readers may have noticed in *Nature* of January 16, a notice, copied from the *Times*, of the formation on the Lake of Geneva, on January 2, of a veritable small waterspout, forty feet high and ten yards in circumference, by the meeting of two winds, known locally as the *föhn* and the *bise*, on the surface of the lake. Here the waterspout was raised, and did not descend from the clouds.

4. The last theory we shall notice is that of the late Mr. Thomas Belt, who seeks for the origin of the disturbance on the ground, and, like M. Faye, assigns the same explanation to the smallest dust-whirl eddies and the largest storms which sweep over the earth.

This theory assumes as the first cause the heat of the sun. The heat-rays pass through the atmosphere without warming the upper strata, and so Mr. Belt supposed that over a sandy soil a mass of air close to the ground might rise in temperature much higher than the superincumbent layers of the atmosphere. The lower strata would therefore become lighter, and a condition of unstable equilibrium would arise. This, however, could not last forever, and, sooner or later, the heated lower air would burst up, and the ascending column thus produced would be the nucleus of the nascent cyclone.

The difficulty in accepting this explanation is that we should like some ocular evidence of such a sequence of conditions. The supporters of the theory, however, point to accredited instances of the formation of whirlwinds over volcanoes like Santorin, and over extensive fires like those of Carolina canebrakes.

In confirmation of these views of the effect of solar heat in producing a depression, I may cite an investigation by Dr. Hamberg, of Upsala, who has found that in July, 1872, after a prevalence of intensely warm weather in southern Sweden, pressure gave way over the heated area, the isobaric lines following the trend of the coast; and a rotatory movement was thereby generated in the atmosphere above

it, resulting in a perfectly-formed cyclone which passed on over northern Finland.

It would appear, therefore, that the production of a cyclonic disturbance may be attributable to more than one agency, as all the theories mentioned have some facts in their favor.

Leaving then this abstruse and imperfectly understood line of inquiry, let us proceed to a subject which yields us results of more immediate practical utility: the character and history of the storms when they have once started on their travels.

I shall commence by saying that a greater mistake cannot be made than to assert that all storms are distinctly connected with cyclonic disturbances.

*The force of the wind depends on differences of atmospherical pressure over a given area,* and the only reason why storms are generally associated with cyclones is that these systems afford us the most serious instances of disturbances of atmospherical equilibrium, and consequently of differences of pressure, which are met with on the globe.

At any place where an area of relatively high pressure comes into close proximity to an area of relatively low pressure, a gale will result, and so a storm may be due just as much to the rise of the barometer in one region as to its fall in an adjacent district.

For the same physical reason, however, that the eddies in a river extend downwards, and the water does not pile itself up in a peak, the normal disturbance of atmospherical equilibrium is the appearance of one of these vortices with pressure decreasing rapidly towards the centre. Wherever there is a rapid decrease there is a steep gradient, and consequently a strong wind.

Defining the term cyclone, in its very widest acceptance, as indicating a region of diminished pressure, round and in upon which the air is moving along paths which are more symmetrical all round the centre the more perfect is the circular form of the system, we must at once see that not every cyclone is accompanied by a storm. The fact is, that the direction and force of the wind are regulated by the difference of barometrical pressure over a given distance, and not in any way by the actual height of the barometer at the station at which the storm is felt, or by the distance of that station from the point where the barometrical reading for the time being is the lowest.

This explanation of wind motion is al-

most the only new principle which has been recognized in our science during the present generation, and its practical importance is daily forcing itself more and more into public notice with the development of weather telegraphy. It is usually known under the name of Buys Ballot's Law, and is stated as follows: "Stand with your back to the wind, and the barometer will be lower on your left hand than on your right."

The truth of this law is evident to any one who looks at a weather chart, but the Dutch professor, after whom it is named, though he justly claims the credit of having persistently advocated the acceptance of this relation of the wind to the distribution of pressure, was not by any means the first to discover it.

The final result of all the inquiries into the question is that on the mean of all winds the angle between their direction and the tangent to the isobar at the place is about  $20^\circ$ .

These principles of wind motion have a most important bearing on the theory of the motion of the air in hurricanes and typhoons. The old popular idea of these phenomena is that the air blew round and round the central calm in circles, so that any sailor caught in one of these storms could at once know that when he was hove-to, if he looked in the wind's eye the centre bore eight points to the right in the northern hemisphere, and to the left in the southern; or, what is the same thing, if he was scudding before the wind the centre would lie exactly on the starboard beam in the northern and on the port beam in the southern hemisphere.

Modern meteorologists, however, almost with one voice, declare for a spirally in-curving movement as the most probable behavior of the wind, as would be indicated by the angle which its direction makes with the isobars as just explained; but this view presents no novelty, for it was first stated about forty years ago, and Piddington, in his "Sailor's Hornbook," says that even Redfield, when propounding his "Law of Storms," stated:—

"I have never been able to conceive that the wind in violent storms moved only in circles. On the contrary a vortical movement, approaching to that which may be seen in all lesser vortices, aerial or aqueous, appears to be an essential element of their violent and long-continued action, of their increased energy towards the centre of axis, and of the accompanying rain. In conformity with this view, the storm figure on my chart of the storms

of 1830 was directed to be engraved in spiral or involute lines, but this point was yielded for the convenience of the engraver."

We see, therefore, that when we trace back to its origin the belief that any storms are really circular, we find that it was "the convenience of an engraver," which decided the question.

It may be safely asserted that there does not exist for a single instance of a West Indian hurricane or China Sea typhoon, a sufficiency of evidence to convince any unprejudiced investigator as to what was the true path of the air in the storm. To show this path beyond the possibility of doubt, we require a considerable number of simultaneous observations taken on different sides of the storm-centre. These, however, were not forthcoming in the case of a single storm described by Redfield, Reid, or Piddington, so that the authority of the founders of the law of storms cannot be cited as decisive of the question.

This suggestion of spiral motion must of course modify the simple rule for a ship scudding, of looking in the wind's eye, and taking eight points on the starboard or port side for the storm-centre, and indicates the probability that the true position of that spot will be at least two or three points ahead of the bearing given by that rule, so that the ship, if scudding, *may be* gradually approaching the most dangerous part of the storm.

The recent investigations of Mr. Meldrum which have been thoroughly confirmed by Captain Toynbee's examination of the Nova Scotia storm of August 24, 1873, lead to the suspicion, not to use a stronger word, that these cyclonic storms are not symmetrical at all, and that at some parts of the system the wind blows directly towards the centre, so that for a ship in such a situation, and scudding before the wind, the centre would lie right ahead.

This is a subject which requires most careful study, in order to see whether or not the time-honored rules for handling ships in rotating storms require modification.

I shall now leave the subject of the air motion, and proceed to describe the phenomena of a cyclonic disturbance when it passes over us. In the first place, very few of them, in these latitudes, exhibit much approach to a circular shape, as regards the course of the inner isobars, and we may say that none of them develop equal violence in all segments. The reason of these differences in the force of the wind is to be found in the distribution of

pressure in the vicinity of the storm area, for if on any side of that area there exists a region of high barometer readings, on that side steep gradients will be produced, and of course proportionably great violence of the wind. The actual weather phenomena of a typical cyclonic disturbance, if plotted on a diagram, show very clearly how cloud and rain prevail over the whole front of the system, and how in the rear, where the wind is north-westerly, the sky clears up. There is one fact worth remembering about these storms, and that is, that just before the sky clears a very smart squall of rain frequently comes on; so that we get this practical hint, if during a westerly gale we find the rain becoming exceptionally heavy we may look for the weather speedily to clear up.

Such a diagram also shows us that it is quite a mistake to consider all east winds as dry ones, for in a cyclonic system the cloud area extends on the northern side, where the wind is easterly, nearly as much as on the southern, where the wind is from the westward. In fact, many of our wettest days occur with easterly winds, when one of these depressions passes to the south of the station where we may be.

I shall now proceed to give a slight sketch of what we have learned of the movement of storms. This, as far as we can see, is regulated by the position of the areas of high pressure, or, as they are called, the anticyclones. This is a term introduced about fifteen years ago by Mr. Francis Galton, to indicate an area of excess of pressure out from which the air is slowly whirling with a motion opposite to that which it has in cyclones. If we find an anticyclonic area existing over any region, we know that the cyclonic disturbances will skirt round it and develop their strongest wind on the side which lies closest to the district of high pressure.

Thus if the anticyclone lies over France, the cyclonic disturbances will move from west to east over the British Isles. If the area of high pressure lies over England, the depressions will sweep outside the Scotch coast, and reach Norway north of the 60th parallel. If the anticyclone lies to the westward, and the pressure is higher in Ireland than in Great Britain, there is danger of northerly gales on the east coast of England, from cyclonic disturbances travelling southwards over the North Sea.

In every case the cyclone moves with the prevailing wind along its track.

Unfortunately we know very little about the rate at which these storms advance, some of them moving at the extraordinary

speed of fifty or sixty miles an hour, as for instance, that of March 12, 1877; while others, like the West India hurricanes, do not attain one-fourth of that rapidity of translation. It is remarkable that the rate of progress bears no relation to the intensity of the storm, the slow-moving tropical hurricanes being infinitely more violent than many of our rapidly moving disturbances; although the storm already mentioned in March, 1877, was severe enough, at least in the north of France, to satisfy any requirements.

As regards the distance which storms have been known to travel, I may cite a very long-lived storm, which lasted nearly a fortnight in August, 1873, and which was traced along its course by my friend, Captain Toynbee, by means of the logs of two hundred and sixty ships which were in the Atlantic during its continuance. Its history will be found in the last published work of the Meteorological Office, "The Weather over the Atlantic Ocean during August, 1873." This particular storm wrought immense damage on the coast of Nova Scotia. It did not, however, travel as far as Europe, having disappeared in the neighborhood of Newfoundland. In fact, very few storms have really been proved to maintain their individuality during their transit. Professor Loomis, an American meteorologist, who has devoted much attention during the last twenty years to the connection between European and American weather, has very recently published a paper on the results of discussion of two years' daily synoptic charts of the Atlantic. During that interval thirty-six areas of depression were traceable across the Atlantic, that is, at the rate of eighteen a year. Testing these by wind reports from England alone, he finds that the chance that a storm centre coming from the United States will strike England is only one in nine; of its causing a gale anywhere near the English coast it is one in six; while the chance of its causing a strong breeze is an even one.

This brings us to a subject which has attracted an immense amount of public attention in this country and in France; the practical value of the warnings which have been sent over by the *New York Herald* during the last two years. By "practical value" I mean the value to our fishermen and coasting sailors, for whose benefit, more than for that of seagoing men in large vessels, the whole system of storm-warnings has been called into being. It is evident that a warning which is locally unfulfilled may mean a loss of some hun-

dreds of pounds to a fishing fleet; and although the storm to which it referred may have reached some parts of the coasts of Europe, yet if it did not visit the precise district where the fishing was being prosecuted at the time, the fishermen in that district were not benefited by the warning. On the contrary, they were the worse for having received it, on the old principle that "Wolf! Wolf!" should not be cried too often.

Of course, every word that I here say as to the usefulness of warnings is just as true with reference to warnings issued by our own office in London as to those of the *New York Herald*, but these latter are often very general in their scope. They speak occasionally of a storm reaching the British Isles and France, and affecting Norway. This haul of the net embraces 25° of latitude, from 45° to 70°, and it is an unheard-of thing that a gale should prevail simultaneously over such an immense tract of coast, so that on each occasion the seamen in many harbors cannot derive immediate benefit from the publication of so vague an announcement.

It is one thing for a scientific man to say that he can recognize the presence of the predicted cyclone on our coast—Professor Loomis admits that the chances are even that he should do so—but it is a totally different matter to prove that a gale which begins two days before, or two days after the time of a predicted storm, is really the very disturbance which left the American coasts.

The experience of those who have studied cyclone tracks in northern Europe shows that in winter, on an average, a cyclonic disturbance visits some parts of those regions every fourth day, so that if a warning were announced once a week regularly, there would be nearly a certainty of some sort of a fulfilment.

The results of a most careful comparison of these warnings with the weather experienced by us during the years 1877-78, are given by the following percentage figures:—

	1877	1878
Absolute success	17'5	27'0
Partial success	25'0	18'0
Partial failure	15'0	10'0
Absolute failure	42'5	45'0

In order to obtain so favorable a result as forty-five per cent. of general success, great allowances have been made. Thus it has been considered an absolute success if a gale was felt on *any* part of the coast, whereas the prediction was for *all*



parts; and when three separate storms were predicted in one telegram, none of which arrived, only one failure has been counted.

It is, therefore, pretty clear that these warnings have not, as yet, proved themselves to be of much practical utility to our coasting trade and our fishermen. The question is a most interesting one, and although a satisfactory solution of it has not been attained, we need not despair; but we should attack it from the scientific side, and discuss the results in a calm, dispassionate spirit, and through some other medium than that of letters to newspapers.

Let us now leave these American warnings, and see what we know about the movement of storms over western Europe, which is the problem which most immediately concerns us here. The illustration has often been used that meteorologists, in issuing storm-warnings, and having to estimate the direction and rate of motion of every storm the instant it shows itself in their neighborhood, are in the position of astronomers expected to assign the path of a comet from the first glimpse they get of it through a break in a cloud—a problem which all will allow to be impossible of solution. Accordingly, great interest attaches to the attempts made from time to time to lay down principles for forecasting the motion of the disturbance.

I have already stated that, as a general rule, the cyclones move round the anti-cyclones; but this principle requires, for its application to storm-warning purposes, access to charts embracing a very considerable extent of the earth's surface. These are very difficult for Englishmen to obtain, as our own daily charts are very limited in area, and frequently do not exhibit even the whole extent of a single cyclonic depression, much less its relation to the distribution of pressure all about it. For those, however, who can consult such charts it is possible, so to speak, to take their stand at a higher point of view and survey the conditions prevailing, say over Europe, on any given day.

If the amount of change in the pressure or of rise and fall of the barometer during the preceding night be plotted every morning on such a chart, it is found that the path of the system for the day does not lie directly towards the region where the greatest fall has occurred during the night, but is regulated to a cer-

tain extent by the direction of the line drawn from the point of greatest fall to that of greatest rise.

Another theory of storm motion, strongly held by those who attribute all our storms to condensation of vapor, is that the track of the depression is always directed towards the region where the air is dampest. This principle, like that just noticed, can hardly be turned to account in this country for our own practical benefit, inasmuch as the whole of these islands appear to be almost equally damp, owing to the proximity of most of our telegraphic reporting stations to the sea.

Other suggestions have been made in various quarters, with the view of throwing light on this very important subject; but we cannot say that the results have met with general acceptance, and the matter urgently demands further study.

I must now come to the final portion of my theme—the death of a storm; and on this subject, unfortunately, I have very little to say. As we have not been able to produce evidence of the birth of a storm, so have we never been lucky enough to find any one who was in at the death. In fact, some French meteorologists have hazarded the statement that storms can travel all round the world until at last they travel off it.

Storms have been traced from the Pacific coast of North America across the Atlantic; but these instances are necessarily rare, and, as far as European experience goes, no storm arriving from the Atlantic ever travels far into Russia. This fact is, of course, very much in favor of the condensation theory of storm generation, which has already been noticed. The advocates of this view plead very plausibly that, as the moisture in the air is the food of the storm, so, where that moisture is deficient, the storm dies of starvation.

We may, however, point out to them that eddies in a river and dust whirls at street corners waste and wane without any assistance from vapor condensation.

In conclusion, though it is a humiliating confession for us to make, meteorologists are as yet entirely in the dark as to the reasons why one depression fills up while another becomes deeper. As I have already stated, no meteorologist is able to give a straightforward answer to the simple question, What causes the barometer to rise or fall?

From The Spectator.

## THE INFLUENCE OF CHINA ON INDIA.

WE should be loth to affirm that India is in any danger from the eastward that statesmen would be prudent in taking into practical account. The danger to India from China, if it exists, must be remote, must, if it ever becomes formidable, allow us ample time for preparation, and must admit of being met in a very direct way. The Chinese empire was not organized against attack by sea, but with a view to retain authority over warlike clans in the north and north-west whose loyalty enabled the Tartar emperors to tyrannize over the rich and thickly populated provinces of the south, centre, and south-west. The Chinese expected no attack from the sea, beyond which they knew only of the Japanese, who were contented in their isolation, and never of course expected that their rivers could be ascended by armed steamers, or any vessels carrying armed men. They centralized the national life, therefore, in Peking, as a point from which to control both the Tartars and the river system,—and that mistake gives the European powers a terrible hold over their policy. A European army, which could never force its way into the centre of China, finds it comparatively easy to seize Peking; and that city once seized the empire might be dissolved, by internal insurrection. The Chinese government, though now well aware of this danger, and better prepared than heretofore to meet it, having armed the forts which protect the rivers, imported artillery, and built fighting-vessels, is not likely to run such a risk, except under some motive not yet at present discernible. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that China, under some impulse of which no European knows anything, is making herself felt in quite a new fashion in the West, and might if she chose render our position in India more difficult than it ever yet has been. Her western army a few years since swept away the strongest barrier between Burmah and herself, the Mussulman kingdom of the Panthays, which, though almost unknown to Englishmen, acted as a buffer between China and our own dominions. Nothing now prevents a Chinese army from descending into Burmah, and thence into Pegu, except the reluctance of the government of Peking to commence wars which may bring them into collision with European powers. That reluctance may not be fully understood at Mandalay, and it is, we believe, quite true that the Burmese court stands

in deep awe of China, and even, as the *Times'* correspondent at Shanghai affirms, courts the subordinate provincial governors of the west. The late king officially declared himself a vassal of the emperor of China, and there is no reason to believe that the present one, Thebau, has swerved from this position. The Nepaulese government, again, so annoyingly punctilious towards ourselves that it keeps the British resident in a kind of honorable imprisonment, forbidding him ever to move more than ten miles beyond Katmandoo, professes itself the humble servant of Peking, and has just forwarded an embassy, to renew its periodic declaration of vassalage. The terms in which the king demands an audience, published in the *Pekin Gazette*, are of the most submissive, not to say abject kind. The "king of the Ghoorkas" writes, on July 28th, 1878, less than a year ago: "A dweller in a remote corner of the earth, in a distant and barren land, the king turns with longing towards the civilization of the Middle Kingdom. It has been his practice to gain glory to himself by the despatch of an envoy, who was admitted to the presence; and he has been entirely dependent upon the rays of his august Majesty's awe-inspiring influence and prosperity for securing peace and tranquillity in his borders." He therefore prays that his envoy may once more be admitted to a personal audience. The form of this letter may be merely complimentary, and the vassalage, in part, a form; but there is no doubt of the awe felt, both in Nepaul and Burmah, towards the court of China, or of their desire to stand on the best of terms with their huge neighbor. Potentates like the Nepaulese and Burmese kings are not too willing to acknowledge vassalage, even to far distant courts, and certainly do not burden themselves with ceremonial embassies without very good reason for the expense. It is not altogether pleasant, therefore, to remember that men in this mood, whom we can scarcely influence, can, if they please, admit Chinese armies directly into our territories, and might, in the event of a quarrel, throw themselves hopefully upon the protection of a court which never, as the Kashgar reconquest has shown, completely surrenders a province once its own. The Burmese gate is not so important, as the northern jungles are difficult to traverse, and the defence of Pegu, though expensive, would not involve the empire; but the Nepaulese maharaja could admit a Chinese army into the heart of Bengal, to our very treasure-house, where we have

not a fort, or a soldier, or a gun. The Chinese general would not be three hundred and fifty miles from Calcutta, with nothing between him and the capital but a rich, alluvial plain, full of unfortified towns, and of a population which for centuries past has never produced a soldier.

We say the awe is very real, for it is exceedingly well founded. When the correspondent of the *Times* says he does not understand the cause of Chinese influence in eastern Asia, he is either using a rhetorical artifice to heighten the effect of his facts, or he is writing in inexplicable ignorance. Not to mention the great effect of a tradition of power unbroken for centuries, the Burmese and Nepalese know that as against them, and indeed against any state which touches the empire by land, the Chinese is by far the most formidable power in the world. They have only to irritate Peking thoroughly, and an army will begin rolling towards them which may take years on its march, or halt for months at a time, but which will inevitably reach them, and not only sweep away their dynasties, but utterly destroy themselves, and fill up their possessions with swarms of Chinese settlers, for practical purposes unlimited in number. If the sea were sentient, the Dutch would be very courteous to the sea. When the Chinese army began to march on the Mussulmans of the western provinces, the Panthay sultan was head of a kingdom smaller but richer, and more civilized than Burmah, with an army which, as the terror filled up the ranks, may have reached two hundred thousand men, and which certainly included seventy thousand fighting men. These men fought desperately for months, defending their cities with the courage of despair; but when the Chinese army stopped, the sultan, the soldiers, and the Mussulman people had all disappeared together, not only overwhelmed, but destroyed, as if the ocean or a lava-flood had passed over the kingdom. There is no doubt that the process could be repeated to-morrow throughout Burmah, if Peking, in its inexplicable policy, chose to give the order; for the Burmese, though not quite so weak as some observers think, would certainly never fight as the Panthays fought. They have not a fighting creed, and they have doors open to the southward into Pegu, through which, when once fairly alarmed, they would crowd down in search of British protection. The Burmese, therefore, have reason for their fear, and so have the Nepalese, who, besides knowing all about the Panthays, know also that Peking has,

as it were with the wave of a hand, swept the kingdom of Kashgar, and its master, Yakoob Beg, and its cities, and its male population into infinite space. These people dislike being exterminated just as much as the rest of the world. They know perfectly well that the English will not exterminate them, or take anything from them, except their independence, and they dread far more the power which, if it moves at all, will destroy them utterly, destroy them as a sand-storm would, and build Chinese cities above their forgotten graves. They dread the pitilessness of the Chinese, their terrible persistence, and above all, their endless numbers. There are points upon which Englishmen exaggerate the ignorance of these people rather foolishly. Nepalese and Burmese do not know many things that Englishmen know, and are very contented in their ignorance; but they do know some things, and among them that the English, though brave and skilful, are few, and that the people on their own eastern border, whom they see every day, and respect for their intelligence, are as numerous as the sands, possess cities by the hundred, and can waste every year more men than they themselves can raise by a levy *en masse*. They dread them accordingly, and we very much question if Peking decided to fight England to the bitter end, and ordered its armies to invade India, whether either Burmah or Nepal would venture either to refuse, or to betray the secret to the British. We rather think they would not, and that the first intimation of the Chinese decision would be the movement of their troops.

This, then, is a formidable danger to India? No, we rather think not. The Chinese armies are hampered, as against European powers, by their excessive slowness. We should have taken Peking before they were well into Bengal, and have raised in India an army as numerous and better organized than their own. All India would be with us in such a war, and India can produce armies as numerous as those of China, more efficient, and more movable. The Chinese move in masses, and very slowly, and unless they brought mounted tribes into the field, as the late Mr. Prinsep feared they would — which is nearly impossible, as their horses would perish in the hills — they would be slaughtered by the weapons of civilization in numbers which even they would feel. But still a danger exists which it is not wise altogether to overlook, and which the appearance of a great soldier in China, or the advance of our own border till it

touched on China, might make very real. We are too much accustomed to think of the vast masses of China as if they could never move; but they have for the last ten years been moving all round our frontier from Bhamo to Yarkund — on an arc of quite two thousand miles — and have signalized their movements by some astounding and most disastrous victories. They will not, we believe, break in, especially as they have a quarrel on hand with Russia; but if they did, — well, just imagine Cete-wayo able and willing to spend seventy thousand men a year, and with three hundred millions behind him. Chinese are not *Zelus* in fighting qualities, but they are able to stamp out entire nations of Musulman fanatics, fighting for their lives, — and for Asiatic warfare, that means a great deal.

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From The Spectator.

THE LESSONS OF PRINCE NAPOLEON'S FUNERAL.

THE splendid gathering at the funeral of the prince imperial testifies strongly to two of the great changes which have passed over Europe in recent years, — the extinction of the English hostility to France, and the decay of legitimist feeling even among kings. A century hence, when distance of time has made the years of this epoch seem to crowd together, few events will appear more picturesque than a great honor paid by the English voluntarily, and upon their own soil, to the representative of the Napoleons. The change of feeling will seem to have been so sudden and so complete. A hundred years after it has passed a lifetime seems nothing, and a full lifetime has not elapsed since Englishmen as a body believed France to be "the natural enemy" of their country, as half of them now hold Russia; regarded her people with a loathing which found its expression in Nelson's celebrated sentence; and held her ruler, the first Napoleon, to be a wicked usurper, whose death would be a sensible relief to mankind. The present writer has talked to persons, otherwise fairly informed, who once firmly believed that Napoleon murdered Marie Antoinette, that if he had landed in England he would have killed everybody, and that he was in every relation of life a monster of iniquity, whom it would be pardonable to kill. The hatred of France in England was a passion, all the more intense because it could express

itself in loathing for an individual, the Corsican usurper, General Buonaparte. Now even diplomatists write of the "western powers" as if they constituted an indivisible entity in Europe. And last Saturday, sixty-four years after the "usurper's" fall, the greatest persons in England crowded to Chislehurst to do honor to the remains of his grandson, the heir, though in exile, of his throne. We recognize, of course, all that may be said about the circumstances, about the respect for misfortune, and the sympathy felt for the empress, and the popularity of the lad himself; but, nevertheless, if the hatred felt for France and the Napoleons had not been dead, the demonstration would have taken a very different form. The feeling that Frenchmen had become allies instead of enemies, and that the Napoleons were friendly instead of hostile to Great Britain, weighed deeply with the multitude, and was felt even by the greatest personages on the scene. Englishman do not, we fear, love their enemies as much as Christianity enjoins, and certainly they do not often respect them, or even sympathize with their grief. That change, the possibility of France and England cordially liking one another, and of Napoleons and Englishmen being friends, is the greatest of its kind that this generation has seen, and may yet have the greatest political consequences. It is much that Englishmen can appreciate and work with France as a republic, but something, too, that they have no inner and, as it were, personal horror of the only dynasty which has even a slight chance of replacing it. England may not, and does not, wish the Bonapartists to succeed; but the extinction of the old half-insane prejudice against all who bore the name nevertheless adds to her power of comprehending French parties, French difficulties, and French affairs, — and it is in that comprehension that the roots of alliance must be sought. There can be no alliance with a people believed to be always plotting injury, or likely, in certain circumstances, to raise a sort of hostile demon to the throne.

The decay of the idea of legitimacy, even among kings, is even still more remarkable. The old idea of the European monarchs was that they must, as against the rest of the world, adhere to each other; that thrones were interlinked; that usurpations were immoral; and that kings not only "could feel for kings," but were bound to feel for them. A republic was detestable, of course, but less detestable, or rather less detested, than a usurper. It

was not policy only which induced Louis XIV. to acknowledge James III.; or provoked George IV. to ask Castlereagh if he thought he was sent to Vienna to upset ancient dynasties; or that made the present emperor of Germany feel so keenly the blow, which nevertheless he inflicted, on the house of Guelph; or that induced Czar Nicholas to address Napoleon III. as "my friend," instead of "my brother," and refuse him full admission into the European pale. Nor was it policy which made it impossible for Napoleon III. to marry into the charmed circle of dynasties. There was, in the feeling of kings, a "European family," a royal caste, whose destiny was linked together by a tie other than mere policy. It is rumored that this tie is felt, even now, when one of the caste is attacked by an assassin, but the feeling in its old strength is dead. No king interfered for Charles X., or for George V. of Hanover, or for Isabella of Spain, sympathy taking at the outside only the form of according an honorific asylum, and even that is not invariably granted. The honors paid to the prince imperial go, however, far beyond submission to the inevitable. In every possible way the royal family of Great Britain expressed their view that, although dethroned, they considered the deceased prince royal. The queen, as she placed her wreath upon his coffin, is said to have added, "Poor boy, there at least is a crown they cannot take away!" Five English princes of the blood, with the Prince of Wales at their head, were among the pall-bearers, a sixth, fully recognized in that rank, being the crown prince of Sweden, the representative of the marine Bernadotte. Yet Prince Napoleon had, according to legitimist ideas, absolutely no claim to a throne, and would not himself have pleaded any except popular election, which in 1807 still left his great-uncle, in the opinion of all the royalties of Europe, only a successful general and usurper. It is vain to talk of personal liking and friendship, as if those sentiments explained all. Had the prince been regarded as less than royal, princes would not have been his pall-bearers. Be it remembered that the prince was not only Napoleon, but, unlike some of his kinsfolk, was not in any way by birth of the old royal caste. Prince Jerome, were he a Protestant, would stand, in however remote a way, within the English succession, and but for the Salic law, within that of Würtemberg; but the prince imperial's

forefathers and foremothers, without an exception, were, from the legitimist point of view, subjects, and outside the pale. His claim, in fact, is the Cæsar claim,—that a throne, however gained, once accepted by the people, is a legal throne, the idea which of all others is most fatal to legitimacy, as it used to be understood. The first fatal blow to that doctrine, once a dogma with courts, was the marriage of Napoleon I., the second the recognition of Bernadotte—which gave Lord Beaconsfield, by the way, his best chapter in "Constarini Fleming"—and another is this ceremonial at Chislehurst, which, if a people cannot make a sovereign, is an inexplicable anomaly.

The decay of the old feeling is so complete, that it will strike many of our readers as unimportant; but the historic change is very great, and of great political effect. The loathing of legitimate sovereigns for a republic or for a new sovereign was, till a very recent period, a powerful factor in politics, and its decay distinctly tends to liberate the peoples, to remove one definite obstacle from their path when selecting governments for themselves. That obstacle was once most serious, as was seen in the invasion of France by the coalition of 1792, and is even now not without its effect, as witness the difficulty Denmark and Holland would have in making themselves republics, the failure of Greece to step beyond the dynastic circle, and the comparatively strong position of Prince Charles of Roumania, as compared with Prince Milan of Servia. If it dies away wholly, we shall, in the east of Europe, at all events, see new families seated on new thrones; and the right to establish a dynasty, as well as to make a republic, is a new right accorded to the people. Nothing opposes the right now but the feeling of the sovereigns,—and that, as we say, it is evident from a hundred symptoms, is dying rapidly away. It is only by the popular will that the Napoleons or the Bernadottes are royal, and that will has become so efficacious, that it gives rank to the families it selects, even when the throne has been lost, and they have been driven into exile. It is not the world as it was, but a new world which is represented, when the Prince of Wales and the crown prince of Sweden keep step as pall-bearers to a prince whose claim to be royal is that his father was enthroned by eight million "Ayes."



## THE CHANCES OF WAR.

A CORRESPONDENT has supplied to the *Natal Mercury* an account of the defence of Rorke's Drift, describing himself as "an eye-witness." He says: "About 4.30 P.M. the Zulus came in sight, but the garden with its trees and surroundings gave great facilities for numbers getting near us unseen. The garden must have soon been occupied, for one unfortunate contingent corporal, whose heart must have failed him when he saw the enemy and heard the firing, got over the parapet and tried to make his escape on foot, but a bullet from the garden struck him and he fell dead within one hundred and fifty yards of our front wall. One of the mounted chiefs was shot by Private Dunbar, 2nd Battalion twenty-fourth, who also killed eight of the enemy, in as many consecutive shots, as they came round a ledge of the hill. As fresh bodies of Zulus arrive they take possession of the elevated ledge of rocks overlooking our buildings and barricades at the back, and all the caves and crevices are quickly filled, and from these the enemy pour down a continuous fire upon us. A whisper passes round among the men — 'Poor old King Cole is killed.' He was at the front wall, a bullet passed through his head, and then struck the next man upon the bridge of the nose, but the latter was not seriously hurt. Mr. Dalton, who is a tall man, was continually going along the barricades, fearlessly exposing himself, and cheering the men, and using his own rifle most effectively. A Zulu ran up near the barricade; Mr. Dalton called out, 'Pot that fellow,' and himself aimed over the parapet at another, when his rifle dropped, he turned round quite pale, and said that he had been shot. The doctor was by his side at once, and found that a bullet had passed quite through, above the right shoulder. Unable any longer to use his rifle (although he did not cease to direct the fire of the men who were near him), he handed it to Mr. Byrne, who used it well. Presently Corporal C. Scammell, N.N.C., who was near Mr. Byrne, was shot through the shoulder and back; he crawled a short distance and handed the remainder of his cartridges to Lieutenant Chard, and then expressed his desire for a drink of water;

Byrne at once fetched it for him, and while giving it him to drink poor Byrne was shot through the head and fell dead instantly. The garden and the road — having the stone wall and thick belt of bush as a screen from the fire of our front defences — were now occupied by a large force of the enemy; they rushed up to the front barricade, and soon occupied one side while we held the other; they seized hold of the bayonets of our men, and in two instances succeeded in wresting them off the rifles; but the bold perpetrators were instantly shot. One fellow fired at a corporal of the N.N.C. (a Swiss by birth, who was a hospital patient), the charge blowing his hat off; he instantly jumped upon the parapet and bayoneted the man, regained his place and shot another, and then, repeating his former exploit, climbed up the sacks and bayoneted a third; a bullet struck him in the instep early in the fight, but he would not allow that his wound was a sufficient reason for leaving his post, yet he has suffered most acutely from it since. (The brave struggle for the defence of the hospital has been already described.) Afterwards Gunner Howard, R.A., ran out of the hospital and managed to hide himself in the long grass, on the upper side of the stone wall, below our front parapet. He covered himself as well as he could with twigs and grass, and there, in company with a dead pig and four of our horses (which had been shot where they were tied up), he lay unobserved all night, and came in unharmed at daylight. Another, Private Waters, 1st Battalion twenty-fourth, secreted himself in a cupboard in the hospital, and killed many Zulus who entered the room, he himself getting wounded in the arm. At last he put over him a black cloak, and ran out of the burning building among the bushes, in one of which he lay concealed and unharmed until morning, with hundreds of Zulus moving about during the night upon all sides of him. The rushes and heavy firing of the enemy did not slacken until past midnight, and from that time until daylight a desultory fire was kept up by them, from the caves above us in our rear and from the bush and garden in front."